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The Cupboard Was Bare, by Elmer Davis, on page 1048

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Art in a Democracy

THE pessimism which has brooded over democracy ever since we fought a war to save it, has begun to take note of the arts. *The literati*, as Poe used to call them, are complaining that, unlike Keats's nightingale, a hungry generation of democrats is treading them down. They cannot make headway against the tabloids and the wood pulps ("wood pulps" it should be explained is the trade name for the cheap confession and short-story magazines). As the current story puts it, if Eddie Guest drives a Lincoln while the man who took the Pulitzer prize navigates in a Ford, then Mr. Guest is hailed as the greater poet. The masses want only mass production, and sincere art in a democracy has about as much chance as a refined accent, a taste for good wine, or a proposal to protect scenery against billboards!

Democracy happens to be the scapegoat, for the moment. Ten years ago it was autocracy. A hundred years ago it was aristocracy. Before that, revolution. Any dog will do if you have a stick ready to beat him with. But our yellow dog is not really democracy at all; it is plutocracy. No one knows what the arts might be like under a real democracy in America, for it has never been adequately tried. Arts do not seem to flourish under Mussolini, nor (except for a popular drama of propaganda) under the Bolsheviks. The art of literature reached its peak in the United States in precisely the years when we came nearest to democracy, in the 'forties and 'fifties, before the Civil War. If democracy, philosophically considered, means equality of opportunity, then what the complainers have to complain about is, that the most desired opportunity in modern America has been the chance to get rich. That is certainly the great theme of popular literature, and Cinderella is still the one sure-fire heroine. And the other great theme, sentimental self-sacrifice, is just an inverted desire to succeed.

* * *

But why accuse democracy or even plutocracy of these ills? It was not because they were indifferent to riches (far from it!) that the Renaissance princes were patrons of the arts, but rather because they were educated men of taste, who loved beauty and pleasure. There have been plenty of aristocracies and dictatorships where art was stifled or non-existent, or a mere collector's pastime.

Art has to have an audience—a sympathetic and appreciative audience, not too easy to please and knowing the best when it sees it. The question worth debating is whether our modern pluto-democracies can supply such an audience. The masses who support the wood pulps, the movies, and the tabloids can be written off the account, and so in Shakespeare's day could the peasants—the bulk of the nation, and much of the middle class. As for patrons, there are as many as ever, and their taste is probably as good, and their purses larger. Indeed there is not a town in the United States or in Europe that cannot supply an audience, fit, though few in a single locality, which is capable of appreciating the best that can be given it.

But we seem to lack artists of sufficient virility to make the best heard. Perhaps men are more lacking than opportunities. The architects, it is true, have not been daunted by plutocracy; the sculptors and serious novelists are succeeding in spite of democracy. Painters, poets, playwrights, critics, most bitterly complain, and probably because these arts are most dependent upon public opinion. They are very sensitive to popular approval or disapproval, and so the flood of cheap books, cheap illustrations, stereotyped magazine writing, mechanical movies, does daunt them, saps their self-confidence, keeps them in coteries or academic groups, makes them supercilious instead of vital, cautious, not headlong and hearty in their experiments. This sense of inferiority and grievance is inevitable in a civilization where the majority sets the standard of living; and it will take more than the psychologists to bring about a cure. More fibre of resistance, more tenacity of idealism, more indifference to mere opinion, more virility, and, just possibly, a little more intelligence—all these are needed. For the *literati* exhaust a great deal of energy fighting each other, and complaining of circumstances. In the United States, for example, and in the field of literature, there are plenty of readers for any good book,

(*Continued on page* 1051)

April Birthday

(To S. T.)

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON

BECAUSE today belongs to you by birth,
For me no other day can ever bring
The wild-flower wonderment of wakening earth.
And so, till now, I have not seen the spring.

Today cragged heights have slipped their burnished snow;
Valleys with virgin green salute the sun;
Warm winds along the sombre forest flow,
And rills released with meadow music run.
These are your symbols; naming them, I know
Love that is light, and darkness that is done.

This Week

"Angels and Earthly Creatures."
Reviewed by MARY M. COLUM.

"Bushwacking."
Reviewed by WINFIELD SHIRAS.

"Keats's Shakespeare."
Reviewed by G. R. ELLIOTT.

"German Illumination."
Reviewed by A. KINGSLEY PORTER.

"Sound Off."
Reviewed by LIEUT. JOHN J. NILES.

"Bryan."
Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY.

"Victor and Victim."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

"Richard Burton Haldane."
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

"Let Tomorrow Come."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"Thurman Lucas."
Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL.

Next Week, or Later

Science and Criticism.
By ABEL CHEVALLEY.

O Virtuous Light!*

By MARY M. COLUM

If a little vein within me broke,
The blood would frighten your pillow;
But there's brave red earth beneath the oak
And water beneath the willow,

At the little noise our death will make
No red deer need stand still;
Get up; get up, for heaven's sake,
And climb to the top of the hill.

THESE lines are from a poem called Robin Hood's Heart, in "Angels and Earthly Creatures," Elinor Wylie's last book of poems which she arranged for publication on December 15th. On December 16th, late in the evening, as she was sitting in a chair, "a little vein within her broke," and in a few seconds she was dead, leaving behind her four small volumes of poems which place her among the eight or nine important poets in American literature, and one of the few important women poets in any literature. Somewhere in that part of the spirit where generates that sort of knowledge the old theologians called Revelation and the poets Inspiration, Elinor Wylie knew that death was dogging her footsteps and would soon overtake her, and this knowledge colors every poem in her last book—colors and makes still more tragic an almost intolerably tragic vision of life. The wisest of the wise Greeks, after long pondering, was able to hand on to posterity, as the highest wisdom, only this—that it is always better never to be born—and this subtle poetic intellect, after experiencing practically all those things in life that are counted valuable and desirable, wrote down, as the essence of all the wisdom she had extracted from living:

Mortality has wearied us who wear it,
And they are wiser creatures who have shunned
This miry world, this slough of man's despond,
To fortify the skies we shall inherit.

It is not often that the last work of a poet is his or her best: the power of growth of all but a very small number of writers is not very great, and it often happens in the case of poets that no later work surpasses their first or second book. They may acquire a more accomplished technique, but they rarely surpass themselves in profundity of thought or depth of emotion. But it is exactly in these two qualities that Elinor Wylie's last book surpasses all her others. Some of the thought in "Angels and Earthly Creatures" is so profound that it is only after many readings that one can get the full meaning of the verses. And the emotion, for all its intellectual statement, is so intense that one is stirred to tears that a human being should have felt so deeply and suffered so strongly. The thought and emotion is often profoundest where the poem seems merely to restate some of the oldest of the inherited beliefs of mankind. That we have a guardian angel is part of the teaching of at least one branch of the Christian religion, and has been a belief of everybody who has endured and survived great blows from fortune. This old belief is thus expressed by Elinor Wylie:

A subtle spirit has my path attended,
In likeness not a lion but a pard;
And when the arrows flew like hail, and hard,
He licked my wounds, and all my wounds were mended;
And happy I, who walked so well-defended,
With that translucid presence for a guard,
Under a sky reversed and evil-starred;
A woman by an archangel befriended.

This is very intellectual poetry, the result of slow,

* ANGELS AND EARTHLY CREATURES. By ELINOR WYLIE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

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profound thought—thought so wedded to emotion as thought ought to be in poetry, that the two cannot be disentangled. Elinor Wylie thought deeply before she wrote, a power far rarer amongst poets than is commonly supposed, for most writers if they were frank would confess that they did not think at all until they sat down before a sheet of paper. But she seemed to write little out of a mood or out of passing emotion as many poets do, but nearly always out of complex thought that was entangled in the roots of her experiences, and this made some of her poetry, in spite of its directness, so difficult that it only reveals its secret after many readings. There are poems in this book like O Virtuous Light, This Corruptible, and Hymn to Earth, that have to be thoroughly studied before they yield their full meaning. Clarity of diction and directness of expression were always characteristic of her, but these things cannot of themselves make a profound thought or idea easy of comprehension. Nothing, for instance, could be clearer than the language of O Virtuous Light:

Mysterious as steel and flint
The birth of this destructive spark
Whose inward growth has power to print
Strange suns upon the natural dark.

O break the walls of sense in half
And make the spirit fugitive!
This light begotten of itself
Is not a light by which to live!

O virtuous light, if thou be man's
Or matter of the meteor stone,
Prevail against this radiance
Which is engendered of its own!

This is very clear in its expression—it has even a mathematical clarity like a poem of Paul Valery's; it states a truth long pondered over with a pitiless elimination of all unnecessary explanations, an intellectual truth that has emerged from her own conflicts. It contains, to use a phrase of Valery's, an expression of one of those truths which for her had become her very flesh, yet that makes the perception of it none the less difficult to the reader. One, she [illegible]ed, can place too high a value on thought. [illegible] live in the world of the intellect, by the [illegible] intellect, are living too dangerous a life [illegible] beings, for this light, "begotten of itself, is not a light by which to live." The thought which she expresses in this radiant poem, too radiant, perhaps, in its excess of light, is similar to a thought Valery has expressed: "Let us follow a little further the slope and temptations of the spirit. If, unfortunately, we follow it without fear, it leads to no real foundation, for our most profound thought is closed within invincible restraints."

This intellectuality of hers places her in the advance guard of contemporary poetry, among that band of poets and thinkers who, while realizing that their own distinction rests so greatly on a certain splendor of intellect which is the gift of the *Zeitgeist* to the best of our contemporary writers—who, while realizing this, realize also that intellect can be dangerous and limited, and that an arid and sterile intellectualism might become the vice of this age as sentimentalism became the vice of Rousseau's, and that an intellectual nebulosity is the worst of all nebulosities. But as Valery is saved from the faults of great intellectuality by the clarity of his mind, by the beauty of his language, and the music of his metres, Elinor Wylie is saved by the intensity of her emotion and the tragic profundity that is at the back of all her thought. Her poetry has, we must admit, little of that charm which is characteristic of the poetry of Emily Dickinson, who must also be counted amongst the eight or nine important American poets, nor has it very much of what is called feminine quality—the word "feminine" is not here used with the slightest derogatory meaning, even though it necessarily contains a somewhat delimiting implication. Nothing can better show the difference between feminine and poetry that cannot be so labelled than a comparison between that poem of Browning's, A Woman's Last Word, in which he assumes the emotions and attitude of a woman, and a poem of Elinor Wylie's on the same theme. Let us take Browning's lines:

Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, love,
Think thy thought.—

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands!

Beautiful poetry, indeed, feminine and touching, and many women must have felt that it expressed them better than anything written by a woman. But it seems barely to touch the fringe of things in comparison with this revelation from "Angels and Earthly Creatures" of the heart and mind of a proud, spiritual woman suddenly realizing that she is made of flesh and spirit:

I have believed that I prefer to live
Preoccupied by a Platonic mind;
I have believed me obdurate and blind
To those sharp ecstasies the pulses give:
The clever body five times sensitive
I never have discovered to be kind
As the poor soul, deceived and half-divined,
Whose hopes are water in a witch's sieve.

O now both soul and body are unfit
To apprehend this miracle, my lord!
Not all my senses, striving in accord
With my pure essence, are aware of it
Save as a power remote and exquisite,
Not seen or known, but fervently adored.

The sonnet-sequence from which this is quoted has a curious quality of spontaneity, a lyric abandonment not usually associated with the sonnet form, and particularly not with sonnet-sequences. The vocabulary is very surprising, because while so alive and fresh, it is so thoroughly, so completely, in the high tradition of English poetry, that we can almost tell every word was used before—we recognize a phrase, a turn of speech, as the twin of something Shakespeare used, or Donne used, or Milton used. Inside this mould of form, this mould of language, used and re-used by a long line of poets, she designs new patterns of emotion, weaves new webs of thought. She who so loved opposed things must have greatly loved expressing her free mind inside such solid, unshaking boundaries. There was always something in her that delighted in contrasts and antitheses: her types were the Eagle and the Mole, her nets, Nets to Catch the Wind; she did not care for half-way houses, half loaves, the "middle mind," or "the moderated soul."—

The worst and best are both inclined
To snap like vixens at the truth;
But, O, beware the middle mind
That purrs and never shows a tooth!

A pinch of fair, a pinch of foul,
And bad and good make best of all;
Beware the moderated soul
That climbs no fractional inch to fall.

She must have been grateful to old John Donne that he gave her the title of her last book, "Angels and Earthly Creatures," so sharply antithetical in her own daring fashion. One hopes that that archangel who, she tells us, befriended her in knightly servitude "under a sky reversed and evil-starred," will still befriend her throughout the "Uranian years," under a fair sky, where all the good stars meet.

"An Empire's Outposts"

BUSHWHACKING AND OTHER ASIATIC TALES AND MEMORIES. By Sir Hugh Clifford. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by Winfield Shiras

There is something sporting and safe, almost comfortable, in the very sound of the phrase—bushwhacking, thicket-thumping! That is the beauty of phrase-making—it introduces an element of romance into things unromantic . . . and ends by luring sensible men into "forgotten guts and creeks no decent soul would dream of visiting."

THUS Sir Hugh Clifford.

Thereupon he proceeds to make phrases of his own. But he takes care to pour them into a mould of such stern heroism, such relentless purpose, that they will lure no sensible men anywhere—least of all into the jungles of the Malayan Peninsula. For although he insists that "the blurring finger of memory" has softened the hardships in these reminiscences—upon which his stories are based —and left only the romance, the excitement, he knows very well we shan't be fooled. His memories crack a whip that set a handful of men toiling and sweating once more into the death-dealing fastnesses of the Benighted Lands. His phrases are flashes of lightning that prick a few drawn white faces against a background of horrific shadow. Then, with his fire of words, he invests these staring faces with a symbolism of Empire.

In a word, Sir Hugh is guilty of having written a book with a moral. We emerge from its pages almost painfully aware of how splendid it must be to be an Englishman and to have an opportunity of getting lumbago or even killed, all for dear old Great Britain. Even in Malaya, where the natives occasionally rebel, the British *Raj* must be upheld. You must prepare to play the part of a hero unknown and unsung. You must fight against odds, against nature itself. You must resign yourself to being moved about like a pawn by gentlemen who sit in frock-coats around a table in Downing Street—gentlemen, however, who cold-bloodedly know their business—gentlemen at whose nod "the slow wheels of the most ponderous Administration in the world revolve at last;"

cog clutches clog, across eight thousand miles of sea and shore the motor-power is transmitted from a dusty room in Downing Street to the palace of an Asiatic governor, and thence to certain isolated posts in the heart of the Malayan forests. A little ragged force of irregulars—the tiny ram which is propelled by the gigantic machine—springs of a sudden into being, and is pushed forward into the wild jungles which lie beyond the uttermost limits of the Empire.

Briefly, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, you must—but this reviewer forbears to proceed.

* * *

The persistency of this theme might be irritating, were it not for the fact that Sir Hugh Clifford has perpetrated it. Sir Hugh, after years of practical experience is now Governor of Malaya. He knows the subtlety which, translated into patriotism, becomes a white-hot flame. The Englishmen he writes about are a composite of himself, though he would not avow it for the world. It is true that they are a type. It is true that they exist. But somehow we cannot divorce them from Sir Hugh, who writes about them so beautifully, so tenderly. He is the protagonist; and as he says of every Englishman out there, "the vast darkness of the night is around him: a sense of his utter loneliness strikes him suddenly; a full knowledge of his insignificance, of the paltry nature of the miniature war in which he is engaged, a momentary lack of faith in the mission of the white races to interfere with the impossible practices of their brown kindred shakes him as he stands there, making him miserable and melancholy. It is the faith that is in them which keeps the white folk moving on their painful paths in Asia. Take this from them but for an instant, and they are children crying in the dark."

The faith that Sir Hugh writes about is more than a faith in the British Empire. It is a faith in humanity. Consider, for instance, the political agent who, in spite of the fact that a bushwhacker should have no insight, no sympathy, no imagination, has all three. Here is a man who "loves the folk against whom he is warring—loves them, has served them in the past, will labor to redeem them in the future." And it is this faith, this sympathy, which removes the last vestige of smugness from Sir Hugh's moral. To him, these forlorn Malayan rebels "are men who have loved, and enjoyed life greatly in the days before the coming of the white folk . . . dreamers of dreams, the lost heroes of a day too late."

* * *

It must be said that Sir Hugh has furnished other reliefs from his moral. Following his reminiscences of the rebellion against the *Raj* that occurred in Malaya from 1890—1895, he launches into a group of stories that emphasize the characteristics of both white man and native. It is enough to say that here is variety. Here is the exposure of the soul of a mysterious far-off land—never forgetting the fatherly old British *Raj*, lurking in the background.

From the point of view of writing, Sir Hugh has done an admirable job. If he has a weakness, it lies in his rather ponderous dialogues—but then, even Conrad and Tomlinson share that fault with him. In his descriptions of nature, his revelation of the naked spirit of the wilderness, he thrusts home even more surely than, let us say, Tomlinson. This is because, unhampered by genius, he paints his words upon a broad canvas. He is not afraid of an occasional all-embracing platitude. Less sensitive to the quiver of a detail than Tomlinson, less prone to bend elemental words into an old smell or a smudge of smoke, his picture is one to be admired from a distance, through half-closed eyes.

All in all, here is a book you should read, especially if you are fond of adventure, if you admire achievement, if you value sincerity—and all the other "ifs" that comprise a reviewer's bag of tricks.

Let one more word be said. Old Hakluyt would have liked this book. The *Raj motif* would have delighted him.

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Young God Keats

KEATS'S SHAKESPEARE: A Descriptive Study Based on New Material. By CAROLINE F. E. SPURGEON. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $10.

Reviewed by G. R. ELLIOTT
Amherst College

THIS volume belongs to the general class of which Professor J. L. Lowes's book on Coleridge is the acme. It studies at close range the ways of the poetic imagination at work upon the sensuous material derived by the poet from his reading. Miss Spurgeon, professor of English literature in the University of London, has not Mr. Lowes's extraordinary reach of investigation nor his flowing and allusive charm of style. Her book is a rather short series of jottings. Yet its declared aim is correspondingly modest, namely to provide "a fairly comprehensive description, and in part a reproduction, of the marks and annotations made by Keats in the whole of his reading of Shakespeare." This sounds as if the book would appeal only to special students of Keats, for whom indeed it is indispensable. But the author's rare intimacy with the detail of Keats's earlier work lends her jottings a warmth of suggestiveness that can allure any lover of poetry. She gives us a fresh sense of that young "glowing hand."

Her enthusiasm for Keats is emanative. During a "radiant October week-end" near New York last year, she was offered access to "a copy of Shakespeare that had some marks in it by Keats. . . . A few weeks later I found myself one fine morning in Mr. George Armour's beautiful library in Princeton, with my host smilingly handing me seven rather shabby little volumes"—(four pages later) "seven stocky and rather attractive little volumes." They proved to be the long lost Johnson and Steevens edition of Shakespeare that belonged to Keats. He bought it in April, 1817, when about to begin the composition of "Endymion." On his deathbed in Rome he presented it to his devoted friend, Severn. Mr. Armour bought it at a sale in Rome in 1881. No investigator of Keats, not even Amy Lowell, had previously examined it. One can imagine Miss Spurgeon's "astonishment and delight" etc. at finding it in her hands.

In addition to this "Princeton copy," as she christens it, she has studied Keats's two other copies of Shakespeare, preserved at Hampstead: the "Poems," and the 1808 edition of the First Folio. The second part of her book, pages 66-178, consists of a reprint of all Keats's notes and underlinings in "Troilus and Cressida" in the Hampstead Folio, and in the four plays most marked by him in the Princeton copy, namely "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Measure for Measure," and "Antony and Cleopatra." (These titles are fairly representative of the bent of Keats's reading.) Also there are twenty interesting photogravure plates. And the frontispiece is a facsimile of a revealing water-color sketch of the poet hitherto unpublished, probably by Severn.

Particularly entertaining is Keats's way of applying phrases from Shakespeare in condemning the flat-footed comments of Dr. Johnson upon the plays. Particularly sad are his underlinings of passages in "Troilus and Cressida" that expressed the frustrated cravings of his own passion. But the main point of the book is to show us the kind of images that attracted Keats in Shakespeare and the way he nourished his imagination upon them. Here Miss Spurgeon's perception is very fine indeed. She is unusually, though not absolutely, free from the scholastic habit of forcing parallels. She demonstrates that Keats in writing "Endymion" was simply saturated with "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," especially the latter. At the same time she insists that there was no "plagiarism or imitation" on the part of Keats, but simply the "creative stimulus and enrichment" which a great young artist can derive from a great and congenial predecessor. Keats "lived through" "The Tempest," like a sort of second Ariel, and "the glamour of it is carried over into the early adventures of his own hero (Endymion) who actually sees and hears similar sights and sounds"—for instance:

> Caverns lone, farewell!
> And air of visions, and the monstrous swell
> Of visionary seas! No, never more
> Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore
> Of tangled wonder, breathless and aghast.

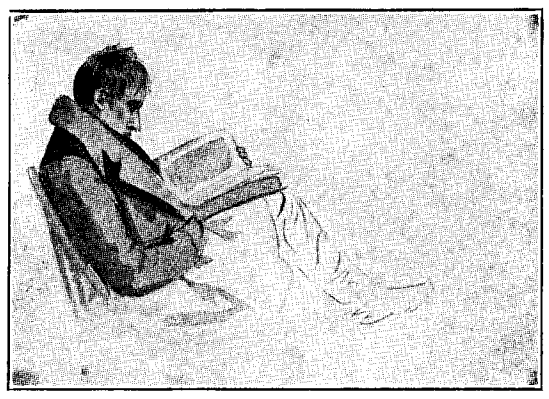
Could there be a truer and lovelier example of the transmutation of Shakespeare into Keats?

In all fairness, however, ought not some of the fantastic or mushy verses perpetrated by young Keats be also accredited to the influence of Shakespeare? The very entireness of Miss Spurgeon's devotion to the young god closes her eyes to this opportunity of whitening his divinity. She scarcely questions his "acute critical judgment." Yet some of his observations on Shakespeare are romantic nonsense, and so are some of the passages he marked—for example, Miranda's comforting assertion to her lover when he is toiling at enforced log-bearing: "when this burns, 'twill weep for having wearied you." Maybe this is responsible for a few of the wooden tears and green heats in "Endymion" and elsewhere.

Says Miss Spurgeon:

> It was through and with Shakespeare, during this year of miraculous growth (1817), that Keats gradually found his way to his own deepest and most original convictions about life and poetry, to the realization that great poetry is the outcome of great living, the secret of which is a seeking of, a reception of, and a submission to experience . . .

But it was the mastery of experience that Keats, as a result of his composition of "Endymion," came to recognize as his chief need. And his "realization that great poetry is the outcome of great living"



JOHN KEATS
From a pencil drawing with water colors, believed to be by Joseph Severn.

was driving him on, as I have tried to show elsewhere, from his absorption in Shakespearean sensuousness to a grappling with Milton. The very passage quoted above from "Endymion" owes its beautiful intensity of spirit to the fact that it reflects Keats's growing effort to transcend the merely sensuous and romantic. He was aiming, as he said early in 1818, at a poetry of our "highest thoughts." In the spring of this year, when approaching his great creative period, he says that he has lately begun to "feast upon Milton," and that he is yearning afar off toward "the prize, high reason, and the love of good and ill." To Milton is due some of the intellectual firmness that appears in Keats's great poems. But Miss Spurgeon ignores all this. She leads her readers to suppose that Keats was not occupied with Milton until the beginning of his decline, in the summer of 1819, and that then he went wrong "by substituting Milton for Shakespeare, in short by denying his own real nature."

Miss Spurgeon is under the influence of the recent brood of critics who are worshipping the sensuous imagination. They adore the Keats whom Keats himself was trying to dethrone. They obscure with their clouds of incense that which is most divine in Keats—and in poetry. They are loading perfume on our contemporary violets; glutting our poetry with what it already has too much of, and waiving what it desperately needs—rich human ideas. However, I would not end in anger. The greater part of Miss Spurgeon's book is sound and illuminating; as when she quotes from young Keats an exegesis of a certain expression in "Midsummer Night's Dream" that has bothered many an old pedant: "There is something exquisitely rich and luxurious in Titania's saying 'since the middle summer's spring,' as if bowers were not exuberant and covert enough for fairy sports until their second sprouting."

The gold medal of The Bibliographical Society (London) "for distinguished work in bibliography without restriction as to nationality or membership of the society" has been awarded to Dr. Wilberforce Eames, bibliographer of The New York Public Library, and librarian of the Lenox Library, 1893-1895. The other recipients of medals in this first award by the Council of The Bibliographical Society are Dr. Montague R. James, Konrad Haebler, Alfred W. Pollard, and Dr. R. B. McKerrow.

A Notable Work

GERMAN ILLUMINATION. By ADOLPH GOLDSCHMIDT. Vol I. Carolingian Period; Vol. II. Ottonian Period. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. The Pegasus Press. 1929.

Reviewed by A. KINGSLEY PORTER
Harvard University

PROFESSOR GOLDSCHMIDT begins his preface to "German Illumination" by saying it is impossible that any book on such a subject should be satisfactory both to scholars and to the general public; and then he proceeds to write not only one but two, which are precisely that. Both are published in the Pantheon series. The first deals with the Carlovingian period, the second with the Ottonian.

For long years, the field of early German illumination has been awaiting its historian. Rumor has designated sometimes this, sometimes that scholar as engaged on the task, but the promised results never appeared. It is easy to reconcile one's self with the non-fruition of these projects since now that the work has been done, it has been so superlatively well done. The very richness of the field made synthesis difficult. It was this no doubt that discouraged earlier workers; for at every turn lay thorny problems the solution of which obviously required monographic study. None but the ripest and most experienced of scholars could hope to sail on these waters without running foul of rocks and reefs. And only a poet, with the liveliest emotional reaction to the beauty of the illuminations, could worthily present the esthetic content. Every one knows that Dr. Goldschmidt's erudition is unequalled among living medievalists; and those who have had the privilege of his friendship have realized how singularly keen is his artistic intuition. The result of these qualities plus his subject is a pair of books which must be accounted the most notable recent contributions to the history of art.

The method of presentation is singularly in the spirit of the twentieth century, and has perhaps been influenced by the cinematograph. The long descriptions, the verbose pages of prose traditional man scholarship have been discarded. A introductory essay gives a crisp account of complicated questions of relationship involved; then the real show begins in the form of plates left with their captions to tell their own story. These plates are of quite extraordinary excellence, attaining indeed a new high-water mark in the art of reproduction. It is hardly too much to say that nothing of the originals, save only the element of color, has been lost. An extraordinarily vivid mental image is left with the reader, not only of the beauty of this art, but of its quaint and intriguing inter-relationships.

The captions are developed to an unprecedented extent, but the use of various fonts of type makes it possible for the reader to pick out at a glance what he wants. Precise and detailed information of the manuscript in question is given—information much of which in point of fact is new and nearly all of which has been tantalizingly difficult to come by; an explanation of the iconography of the page illustrated; an accurate record of the colors; a discussion of the date; an ascription to a scriptorium, and a bibliography. One hardly realizes how much is given so simply. The story of German illumination unrolls before us with the interest of a drama.

At the very beginning we find acknowledgment of the debt which the Continent owed to the islands. The Celtic missionaries left an indelible imprint on the illumination of France, Germany, Switzerland, and even Italy; the books they brought with them, or those they illuminated in European monasteries in their insular style, were taken as models oby continental scribes and so passed on to later art. The Kremsmünster Gospels, illuminated at Salzburg, copy the south-English Cuthbert Gospels which were owned by the monastery; the Kesselstadt Gospels of the cathedral at Trier copy those from Echternach. So at Salzburg and Echternach just as at St. Gall the same phenomenon repeats itself. Insular inspiration is a foundation stone in continental achievement.

Dr. Goldschmidt is a clerk happily free from the treason of clerks. An enviable breadth of vision enables him to judge the art of the past quite unbiased by political passions of the present. He never glorifies German art because it is German, nor seeks

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to claim for it greater hegemony than it possessed. He does not unduly disparage the art of other countries, nor seek to deny foreign influence in German art when such influence is present. In an age which has degraded the history of art into nationalistic and, worst of all, tourist propaganda, this dispassionate attitude is as valuable as rare, and lends to Dr. Goldschmidt and his work a serene dignity.

After having stressed the insular and Italian foundations, Dr. Goldschmidt's plates lay before us the Renaissance of Charlemagne. Three of the great Carlovingian schools of illumination flourished on German or, at least, Alamanic soil. That of Ada, one of the most glorious and prolific of all, with which Dr. Goldschmidt's name is already identified through his work on ivories, has never been localized; one of the contributions to scholarship of the present book is the ascription of these manuscripts to Trier; but with characteristic candor Dr. Goldschmidt admits that there is no sure proof of this attribution, and open-mindedly gives prominent reproductions of the chief arguments against it, the Apocalypse from St. Eucharius and the Gospels from Sta. Maria ad Martyres, presumably written at Trier at precisely this time and showing a very inferior style. The School of the Palace, originally isolated by Janitschek and localized at Aachen, is accepted by Dr. Goldschmidt; this contrary to some recent scholars who have suggested that the Ada group was really the School of the Palace. In St. Gall Dr. Goldschmidt recognizes the influence of France; and American scholars will note with interest that he accepts Professor Friend's localization of the Corbie school at St. Denis.

* * *

What really will impress the student of illumination in this volume, however, is the vast complication of the field, and how many and important manuscripts refuse to nestle in the baskets of Palace, Ada, Tours, Franco-Saxon, Corbie, St. Denis, Rheims, Metz, and St. Gall which the handbooks too often present as the be-all and end-all of Carlovingian illumination. Indeed the currents were various and infinitely complex. Dr. Goldschmidt gives Fulda its due prominence as one of the great Carlovingian scriptoria—we have been over apt to think of it as important only in the Ottonian period. In addition he makes us aware of the significance of numerous scriptoria—at Cologne, at Lorsch, in the Rhineland, on the Weser, in the Tyrol, in Bavaria, in Saxony—some of which have been generally overlooked. But these minor scriptoria are as much a part of Carlovingian illumination as the celebrated centres, and a great service has been rendered to the history of art in presenting them to us clearly and accessibly.

Another misapprehension dispelled by the book is the iconographic range of Carlovingian illumination. The circumstance that the miniatures of the Ada and Palace books are chiefly confined to the evangelists and canon tables has tended to make us think of Carlovingian book painting as rather monotonously limited in subject matter. Such, of course, is not the case. In the illuminations Dr. Goldschmidt reproduces will be found subjects drawn from astronomy and land-surveying, Terence, the Apocalypse, Hrabanus Maurus, Prudentius, the Works of the Months, the Psalter. Of particular interest are the fine plates of the Lorsch Gospels, a book half of which is in Rome and half at Karlsburg, and now in the limelight because of the discussion which has arisen in regard to the ivory covers.

* * *

The second volume, on Ottonian illumination, opens with the school of Reichenau, and its long series of unequalled masterpieces. The Gospels of Otto at Aachen, the "Codex Egberti," the "Registrum Gregorii," the "Gospels of the Sainte Chapelle" pass before us. These excellent reproductions are all welcome, none more so than those of the "Codex Egberti," heretofore available only in the rare publication of Kraus. The Cividale Psalter is given very decidedly to Reichenau (written at Reichenau by "Ruodprecht") as are also the Gospels of Poussay, and of course the Gero Codex as well as the great books of Munich and Bamberg. What an incomparable art! One turns from these inspired compositions feeling that representation can go no farther. But Dr. Goldschmidt takes us through a whole series of secondary scriptoria, heaping before us new and illuminating material. Trier, meretricious Echternach, and Prüm, derivatives of Reichenau, have already been fairly well known to students; Hildesheim and Fulda have been somewhat indifferently published and the spectacular manuscripts of Regensburg much admired. But such centres as Corvey, Mainz, and Bremen have been little studied. Cologne has been known chiefly through the exasperating book of Ehl; it is a relief to have Dr. Goldschmidt authoritatively date the Abdinghof Evangelistary in 1060.

One lays down these books with an almost disappointed feeling of having reached the end much too soon; but also consoled by the thought that a first reading is only an introduction and that they will be on the shelves for repeated reference and detailed study. When will Dr. Goldschmidt do for twelfth century German illumination what he has done for the earlier period?

Soldier Songs

SOUND OFF. By EDWARD ARTHUR DOLPH. Music by PHILIP EGNER. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1929. $7.50.

Reviewed by LIEUTENANT JOHN J. NILES
Author of "Singing Soldiers"

UNTIL very recent years, soldiers have been regarded as hard cases. The respectable gentry looked down upon us. During war times, however, they waved the bloody shirt as we marched away to do battle. Their budding daughters even threw their arms about our necks and (for photographic purposes) kissed us. But when the traditional tumult and the shouting died, we were hard cases again. I say this because I have been, was, and still am one of them.

Men will always soldier. There is something about it, just as there is something about the sea, and in more modern times, about the air. The fact that we have been regarded as tough customers really flatters us. But tough and unrefined as we may be, we have made history, and while we were doing that, we were incidentally making up some very fair music,—music that has stood longer than some of the best Broadway sellers—music that has been sung and understood by more human beings than most of the twaddle offered from year to year by the long-haired "sacred cows" of composition—music that is at last recognized as a part of our precious Americana. Because in the last analysis, if we are going to have an Americana, the "army and the navy and the bloody damned marines" must come in for their share of the collaboration.

The most recent evidence that these "he-man" activities in music are being given attention is a very fine collection of army ditties titled "Sound Off." It is an encyclopedia of soldier songs. One Peter B. Kyne, Esq., late Captain of Artillery, has, in his own inimitable manner, turned off a preface for the book, and the musical settings have been arranged by Lieut. Philip Egner.

This recording of army songs is an old story abroad. Every library on the continent has its own collection. The French, Germans, and Russians go in for highly decorated volumes, employing their greatest artists and their best informed composers for the task. But in America we have only recently turned to the soldier man for musical folk-lore. During the Civil War there were a few paper bound volumes, the best perhaps, being Tony Pastor's "Civil War Song Book." The Spanish-American War produced mostly sheet music, of the "home and mother" variety. But the World War, with all its horrors, has compensated a bit by giving us some important books of music, written either for or by soldiers.

"Sound Off" covers the singing American soldier man from the days of the Revolution to the cootie infested dug-outs in the Argonne Forest. Mr. Dolph has wisely included the songs of the West Pointers. This is rather a secret bit of army lore to many who have never "done a hitch" in that institution. There are also endless parodies on the Broadway tunes. The existence of these more or less prove that soldier men can and will, in spite of the professional song-makers, turn off their own songs. At least, they will turn off their own lyrics and these improved verses will be much more to the point. For when the professional song-writer turns to the military as an outlet for his skill, he usually writes in praise of something—home, mother, liberty, victory, Uncle Sam, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, etc. But the soldier has a different point of view. Most of his singing is done while he is marching, pack-weary, up to his ears in mud; or hungry, or while going up or coming back from his "hitch in Hell." So he naturally is not praising anything—not overly much. He is giving everything a gentle raspberry, and sometimes the raspberry is not so gentle.

The parodies in Mr. Dolph's book are very apt. They tell their own story. Taken all together, "Sound Off" is a very valuable contribution. It should find its way to every piano shelf in America where the pianist is interested in what men do at war besides get killed and dig trenches.

Our Own America

GOLDEN TALES OF OUR AMERICA. Selected by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1929. $2.50.

"STORIES of our background and tradition," is Mrs. Becker's subtitle for this felicitous collection; and it might well be "stories of a vanished America." She begins with New England, and follows the transit of the frontier to the Pacific. The backwoods hunter, the pioneer farmer and planter, the rural politician, the prospector and the lumberman fill these pages, each tale, sketch, or short story being characteristic of a peculiar section and time. In making her choice, Mrs. Becker has looked not only to literary merit but to historical values. Her selections are intended to illustrate the mind, customs, and life of the American folk in various environments and eras; and so well has she succeeded that the volume, if attentively read, will teach as much about our social history as many a formal treatise.

* * *

A few of the stories, naturally, are familiar friends. Most reading people are acquainted with William Austin's classic transposition of the Flying Dutchman legend, "Peter Rugg, The Missing Man"; with Hawthorne's "Ambitious Guest," Joel Chandler Harris's story of Br'er Rabbit's deception of Mr. Fox, and Edward Eggleston's "Spelling Down the Master." But Mrs. Becker has added more that are unfamiliar. For New England, there are Rowland Robinson's "Uncle Lisha's Spring-Gun" and Jacob Abbott's "The Steeple Trap," as well as stories by Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett, and Dorothy Canfield. For New York, there is James K. Paulding's "Revenge of St. Nicholas," one of the two selections which have an urban setting. For the South, there are Longstreet's "The Turn-Out" and Lucy Furman's "Christmas on Bee-Tree" as well as one of Grace King's "Balcony Stories." The Central West and Far West are particularly well represented with James Hall, Caroline Kirkland, Hayden Carruth, Mary Austin, and one of the Paul Bunyan legends, as well as the inevitable choice from Bret Harte. Altogether, it is a catholic, comprehensive, and original collection.

* * *

To go into the cobwebbed storeroom of American fiction, to rescue forgotten heirlooms like many of these, and to rub them bright for a new generation of readers, is to perform a double service. Most young Americans know little about coon-dogs or steeple-traps, and never bar out a schoolteacher to win a holiday; we have no frontier where, as Carolina Kirkland wrote of early Michigan, settlers would borrow even the baby if they were allowed, no flatboat emigrants like those described by James Hall in his "Legends of the West," and no spelling-bees like that in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"; the last coyote, as in Miss Austin's story, is fast following the last antelope into the realm where Hayden Carruth's homesteader has disappeared. A good deal of our literary production of the past which, by strictly belletristic or artistic standards, is defective, is rich in human interest and the color of the past. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Becker follows up this initial collection with other volumes.

The Saturday Review
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The Commoner

BRYAN. By M. R. WERNER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY

THE Bryan who emerges from the pages of Mr. Werner's book is a "pillar of words," a kindly, well-intentioned man who was everlastingly substituting glibness and oratory for solid reasoning. The author has built up a case against the Nebraskan by quoting freely from Bryan's own writings and speeches, and incidentally he has proved once more that interpretation is largely a matter of selection of material.

Plainly Mr. Werner has not taken the Commoner very seriously, and it is partly because he has not taken him seriously, that is, because he has not approached his subject in an attempt sympathetically to understand him, that his book is a poorer book than it ought to be. This is not to say that he ought to have written a panegyric of Bryan (that would have been equally unsatisfactory), but it is only by a sympathetic approach, plus a considerable knowledge of the Middle West, its people, and its problems, that one can properly understand him.

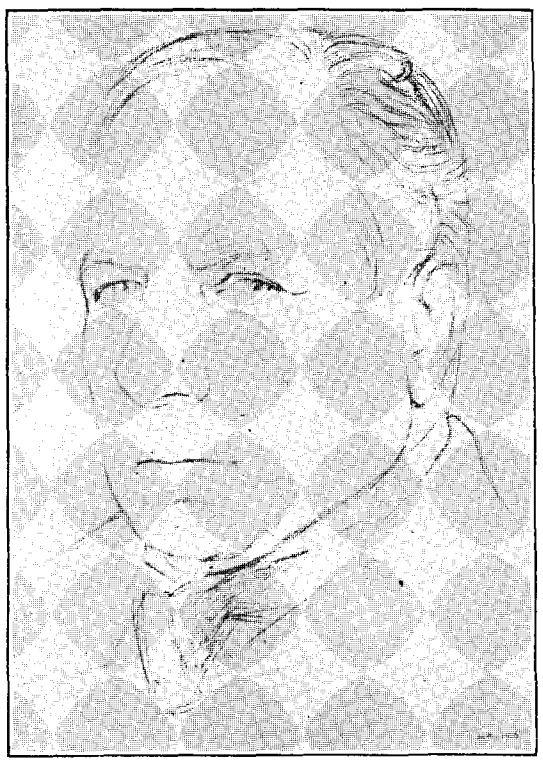
Mr. Werner is too much inclined to treat Bryan as an individual rather than as a representative of the Middle West. The explanation of the man and his influence is to a great extent bound up in the fact that he reflected the life and sentiment of the common people of his section and of the same class in the South. His mode of life, his fundamental beliefs, and his tastes were the same as theirs. His self-confidence was typically western; so was his attitude toward political spoils. The things he advocated or opposed were the things that his people wanted or opposed. He was seldom original. When he went around the world and wrote home to the newspapers of hundreds of commonplace things that he saw, he was serving up to the folk he knew and represented the sort of things that interested them. He did not pretend to cater to the intelligentsia or the upper classes. They simply were not his kind. He was incurably and consistently a commoner from the beginning to the end.

Place Bryan in his proper setting—as a Middle-Western commoner—and he is not a strange phenomenon: he runs pretty true to form.

Now whether a commoner ought to be President of the United States, or whether the American people want one, is another matter. On several occasions they have shown that they did, and three times six million voters said that they wanted Bryan, but each time a larger number said that they did not. Bryan would have been the last to say that the majority should not rule and he always took his defeats good-naturedly. As Mr. Werner recounts, after his 1908 defeat he likened himself to the drunken man who upon being thrown out of a club for the third time remarked: "I am on to those people. They don't want me in there."

Probably Mr. Wilson really did not want Bryan in the State Department, but he put him there because he knew that Bryan had served him handsomely. Also he was free to admit, as the author quotes, that "there has been an interesting fixed point in the [recent] history of the Democratic Party and the fixed point has been the character and devotion, and the preachings of William Jennings Bryan." Certainly Mr. Werner does not think the Commoner amounted to much as a Secretary of State. He did not measure up to the standards set by many of his illustrious predecessors, but if his record is fairly and closely studied in the light of documentary evidence, it will be found that he served the country better than some who have received much more credit than he has. If Mr. Werner had consulted the volumes of *Foreign Relations*, for instance, he might not have devoted fifteen pages to Bryan's vagaries as Secretary of State and three to his connections with the Japanese and Mexican problems. He might even have reversed the ratio. The Bryan peace treaties were an important step in the right direction and are entitled to more than honorable mention and a smile. It is true that President Wilson dominated in matters of foreign policy, as every strong President does, but until the great war problems came, Bryan was almost invariably in accord with him and he worked diligently, if not systematically, in carrying out the policies formulated.

It is not the reviewer's intention to enter a general defense of Bryan: he must stand or fall on his record, but he ought to be judged on the complete available record and judged with understanding. Mr. Werner has not failed to bring out many of the Commoner's good points; indeed, on occasion he has rallied to his defense, but his book is so heavily loaded on the side of the indictment that the true picture is distorted. He has been so anxious to tell a good story—and he is a gifted story-teller—that he has done Bryan injustice. It may be too early to write an impartial biography of the Nebraskan, but it is not too early to give him full credit where the records show him deserving of it. Many of the things for which he fought and was condemned are today the law of the land and we might as well admit it. In truth he often plowed the furrow and sowed the seed only to have Roosevelt and Wilson reap the harvest.



LORD HALDANE

From "Twenty-four Portraits," by William Rothenstein (Harcourt, Brace). (*See page* 1050)

Priest—Physician

VICTOR AND VICTIM. By JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER has approached literature by an indirect course. In fact, it may be doubted whether he has approached it very nearly—or cares to approach it very nearly—even now. And yet the material of an estimable book, "Victor and Victim," has grown out of his peculiar experience. In his younger years he was an Episcopal clergyman (who resigned in 1903 but was restored to orders in 1927); his later life has been passed as a criminologist and psychiatrist. The two apparently divergent interests of religion and medicine have been completely unified in him by an underlying love for humanity, an intense realization of its suffering, and an almost morbid zeal for service. To the old New England tradition of high-minded devotion to the spiritual good of one's fellow-men, unperturbed by any serious doubts as to what this good may be, he has brought the added tolerance and kindliness of one quite familiar with the miserable face of the world. He is a practical idealist of the better sort; uncompelling as a thinker; but with a faint aura of quiet saintliness about him.

"Victor and Victim" is the climax of a series of lesser books—"The Good Shepherd," "The Six-Pointed Cross in the Dust," and "Fear." According to Dr. Oliver, its inception grew out of the suggestion of a friend that "it would be interesting to work out a type of priest-physician who might be able to deal more satisfactorily with the difficulties of psychasthenic patients than is possible for either clergyman or psychiatrist in their separate spheres." Dr. Oliver has ostensibly divided his priest-physician into two men working in collaboration, but to almost all intents and purposes they are one man. The physician, who tells the story of his friend Michael Mann, the unfrocked priest, by the aid of the latter's diary and letters, is himself little more than a mirror of his hero. Even the style of the two is identical; and the narrator's character is keyed throughout to meet the needs of his protagonist.

Michael Mann, however, is endowed with an interesting personality and is given an interesting career. Sensitive and emotional, he possesses an uncanny intuition which enables him to read the thoughts of others and seems to predestine him, unknown to himself, to be the perfect psycho-analyst. Entering, early, the ministry, he is tainted with hereditary alcoholism, which, along with an unfortunate participation in an ecclesiastical broil, leads to his dismissal from the clergy. Owing to some mysterious crime, or mere accusation of crime—one is never sure which—he lands later in the penitentiary, whose horrors the criminologist-author portrays with real power. Emerging from prison in shattered health, with the one hopeless desire to get back into the ministry, Mann is befriended by the physician, who, recognizing his talent, sets him up in a kind of combined chapel and unprofessional consultation-room. Mann's incessant longing for the sheltering arms may seem, to the non-Anglican, a trifle absurd, yet this part of the book is exceedingly well-handled.

Mann's case is simply an instance of the restlessness of any captive beast kept from its native habitat. In or out of prison, his is a soul in chains. But through his misery and failure he has gained an understanding of failure everywhere. Christianity, which first arose from human wretchedness, asserts its redemptive power through him. The Victim becomes the Victor. With his own life torn to shreds, Mann sets himself to save others and in the process finds at least a sad consolation for himself. At the end, dying, he has the supreme satisfaction of being received, through the agency of his friend, back into the church and once more performing mass.

The author's tender humanity redeems what would otherwise be an impossible book. There is much of it that reads like a tract. The thesis of the priest-physician is permitted to oust the living characters. Pages of expanded case reports are intruded. Too many dull patients are saved who might better have died in their sins. Dr. Oliver, of course, does not believe this, but here his religion blinds him to the demands of art. The deity, we have often been told, is satisfied to save the souls he has created, but the novelist must also make them interesting. Perchance, however, the book will appeal more widely through its defects than through its merits. Today when the notion of the priest-physician ing eagerly discussed in the churches, "Vict Victim" may be welcomed simply because of bodiment of the contemporary issue. This be more, and less, than it deserves.

Days of the Reform Bill

THE BOROUGH MONGER. By R. H. MOTTRAM. Little, Brown & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

AFTER the stress of the "Spanish Farm" trilogy, Mr. Mottram has returned to the quiet of his own East Anglia, to his favorite period of a hundred years ago. For most of its readers "The Borough Monger" is a return to the scene of "Our Mr. Dormer"; for nearly all of them it will be a return to Eatanswill. For the book deals with a parliamentary election in the days of the Reform Bill; and though this is just too early for the Pickwickians, we recognize the Eatanswill manner of electioneering in the libels and bribery, the rioting of electors, and kidnapping of candidates.

For all the violence of the characters, the effect is singularly unemotional. It may be because Mr. Mottram, in his literary home-coming, was most anxious to catch the composure of England, it may be that in Norwich under William the Fourth candidates took kidnapping calmly and the militia thought nothing of quelling a riot, but whatever the reason, in "The Borough Monger" excitement has been rigorously excluded, and emotion kept strictly in its place. There is the same effect that Mr. Chesterton has pointed out in Dickens, of the inadequacy of the villainy to the villains. The poisonously Calvinistic weaver, the sinister Keeper of the Mumford Tower, seem designed for greater ends than the overnight's detention of an innocent young man.

But this is only to say that the parts of the book are greater than the whole. Mr. Mottram can present a person, a plan, or a period with quite unusual vividness. Every one of the many characters in it was born before he enters the book and goes on living after he leaves it. Mr. Mottram is equally successful in painting his scenes, and by the end of his clear unimpassioned book one feels that one has seen something of England herself, settling down after Waterloo for her hundred years of unapproachable composure.

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The Cupboard Was Bare

A RECENT survey of the funeral industry disclosed the fact that the average mortician has trouble making both ends meet. There are more morticians than ever before, and fewer corpses; if science continues to reduce the death rate, all but the ablest men will presently be squeezed out of this overcrowded trade.

I wonder if some such deflation may not presently befall American letters. Science is doing to authors very much what it is doing to funeral directors; the farther it goes the less it leaves them to work on. Art must have its material. No whale, no whaler; no corpse, no mortician; nothing to write about, no author. The danger to letters may not seem pressing in an age when almost everybody writes, and an astounding volume of fiction gets printed; and when the American novelist can at last say pretty much what he likes on any subject—which means in practice that he can attack the church and write freely about sex. But in this volume and variety lies a danger; much of what is written now is the sort of thing that, when it is once said, stays said. There will constantly be new things to say, but I am afraid that our authors, like our lumbermen, are using up their natural resources faster than any system of reforestation can replace them.

If you doubt that, read fifty or a hundred current novels. Now that anyone may write about whatever he sees, what do we see to write about? All that a good many people see is emptiness, defeat, futility; permitted to do what we will, we report that nothing is worth doing. For ages reformers argued that all we needed to make us happy was to be freed from the shackles of convention, prejudice, and superstition. The shackles have at last been stricken off; and the free modern man finds himself in the position of that character of Mr. George Kaufman's, who got his halitosis cured and discovered that he was still unpopular.

I do not think defeatism will endure because the normal human mind is so made as to recoil, sooner or later, from a creed of complete negation. But some of the things defeatism has done to literature cannot be cured so readily. Recent fiction has been largely engaged in a neurotic search for something new. As Mrs. Gerould puts it, we were weary of the eternal verities; we went far and wide to get away from them. But now we seem to have discovered and reported, if not all the new things there are, at least pretty nearly all that are at present within reach. Look over any shelf of new novels; read the jacket blurbs that purport to tell what they are about; go farther and read the books themselves, if you can—and usually you will find yourself thinking, This is old stuff; it has been said before, and said better.

* * *

One type of fiction will never be old stuff, when it is well done; but to do it well requires more skill than the average author has ever possessed. This is the novel as it originally was, as it usually has been in the hands of the greatest masters—Tolstoy, Fielding, Dickens, and Thackeray at their best; the novel that depicts character and manners, that paints a picture of life as illumined and dignified by the insight of the author. But it is precisely in this field that American literature has always been weakest; of the twenty or thirty best American novels the only one whose primary business is the depiction of character and manners is "Huckleberry Finn." The bulk of our fiction is written by people who have something to say; it is glorified journalism—the work of the reporter who says, Here is a fact of life that I have discovered; of the editorial writer who tells you what he thinks about what he sees. But when you have published a new fact of life or expressed a new opinion in a book that attains any considerable sale it becomes part of the common stock. The novel of ideas must be a novel of new ideas, or of new treatment of old ideas. If current fiction of the sort is any guide, most of the new ideas are used up.

What then? Authors who cannot attract by novelty must attract by merit; and there is not enough merit to supply the trade. If you are driven back on the eternal verities, you must handle them skilfully to persuade people to read about them. The artist will always find something to write about and will always find readers, until or unless there is some fundamental change in human nature; the journalistic novelist may presently find himself making the round of the employment agencies along with the less efficient mortician.

But even the artist will have to find new material; for he needs a background. Author and reader must both accept certain presuppositions; you must know where you stand before you can be sure where you are going. You cannot make people laugh unless you and they regard the same things as laughable; you cannot thrill them with a sense of dramatic conflict unless they recognize, in the situation you set up, the material of a dramatic conflict. Now science, and the enlightenment based on science—or if you think it is not enlightenment, call it a mere change of opinion—have destroyed a good many presuppositions of long standing. Much of the background that has given depth and color to literature, much even of the essential material of that literature, has lately become ancient history. So long as the world remains scientifically minded, this material will be useless to the novelist, unless he writes historical novels of primarily antiquarian interest.

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This, you may say, is an old complaint that was answered long ago. The most familiar answer is Mr. Kipling's poem beginning, "Romance is dead, the cave man said." Mr. Kipling's conclusion that each new age finds its own interests, its own romance, its own material for the writer, is true enough; but lately we have been destroying our old material at an unprecedented rate. The novel of character and action wears better than the novel of ideas; but many of the traditional elements of character and motives of action have lately, for the first time, become obsolete. Men's ideas and interests have changed before; but never before have they changed so fast and so extensively.

The essence of most fiction is conflict—between man and nature, between man and man, between warring impulses in the individual. But the more we learn, the more of these old conflicts pass into what Father Duffy calls "the limbo of forgotten controversies." Progress, if that is what to call it, brings new conflicts; but not so many as it ends. Man has not yet conquered nature; but he has conquered more of it in the past hundred years than in the hundred thousand years preceding. When Rider Haggard, half a century ago, wrote of hidden civilizations in the heart of Africa, nobody could prove they were not there. We may still read about them today, but in a mood of deliberate make-believe.

Science has pretty well abolished the supernatural, too. The modern who reads ghost stories gets a second-rate thrill out of what he knows is only an endeavor to scare himself. Shakespeare put the witches of Macbeth on the stage before an audience that believed in witches; Æschylus scared his audience with a chorus representing the Erinyes, because the audience believed in the Erinyes. You cannot recover that thrill when it is once gone, any more than you can be seriously impressed by the appearance of Santa Claus after you have learned that it is only Uncle Ed in a red coat and white whiskers.

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Another literary mine that is pretty well worked out is royalty and aristocracy. The conflict between red blood and blue is hard to take seriously when half the blue blood in Europe has married red blood with money, and most of the other half dreams of borrowing the fare to Hollywood and going to work for Jesse Lasky. The royalty motive is no longer convincing, even in its attenuated form of the antithesis between the poor but proud old family and the new-rich vulgarian. In the first place, not so many of the new rich are vulgarians, any more; and there is little conflict because the ideals of the new rich dominate not only most readers, but a good many poor, but proud old families as well. We voted last November to abolish poverty; but while the constitutional amendment that will accomplish that far-reaching purpose is in preparation, the mere decencies of life become harder and harder to preserve without money. There are still poor but proud old families; but few of them are poor intentionally, and poverty is not what they are proud of.

For an instance of what this change, and others, have done to the material of fiction, look at an old and famous story—Euripides's "Electra." It is still interesting as a brilliant picture of tragic characters; but the presuppositions that made them tragic have lost their meaning. Electra's father was a king who treated his wife rather badly; while he was off at the wars she fell in love with another man and murdered her husband when he came home. Wives still kill their husbands; but a modern woman of Clytemnestra's type, in her particular situation, would certainly prefer the simpler method of divorce. Then there would be no story; at least not that story.

The case of Electra herself shows still more clearly how times have changed. Her mother and stepfather drove her brother Orestes into exile and married Electra off to a farmer. Now to Euripides and his audience there was no doubt at all that this was a dreadful degradation. The democratic Athenians preached and practised the doctrine that one man was as good as another, but they still felt in their bones that the best people were the best people. Euripides made the audience admire his farmer by showing that the farmer, too, knew that Electra was a superior person; he left her virgin because his reverence for royalty triumphed over his desire for an attractive woman who was legally his. There was the moral conflict and the satisfying conclusion that made the democratic Athenians go home saying they had seen a good show. When Orestes recovered the throne he married off his sister, without a word to her farmer husband, to his friend Prince Pylades. Electra and Pylades had barely met and had, of course, no interest in each other; but it was clear to her, and to her farmer, and to Euripides and his audience, that a royal prince was the only sort of person she could decently marry. The farmer had his reward in Orestes's acknowledgment even a gentleman could have behaved no better.

* * *

In the up-and-coming nineteenth century that would still have been a good story, but it would have called for different treatment. The farmer would still have left Electra intact; but his respect for royalty would have been reinforced by a self-sacrificing love that he was resolved never to betray. Of course Electra would have discerned it, and would have fallen in love with the husband whose native worth was proved by his never making love to her. (In Euripides's version, all she felt for the farmer was a grateful recognition of the correctness of his behavior.) And when the time came for her to go back to the palace there would have been a great emotional scene in which she turned her back on a loveless marriage to royalty, and decided to stay with Nature's nobleman down on the farm.

Either way it is a good story, so long as its presuppositions have some meaning for your public. But what could be made of it today? The motive of all-powerful royalty is gone, and we have nothing that quite replaces it. There may still be girls submissive enough to let themselves be married off against their will; but a modern Electra would hardly let herself be sent off to the farm unless she had become bored with life in the palace. Even if a modern husband wanted to leave her alone she probably would not let him. By the time her brother regained the throne she might be bored with the farm and the farmer, ready for a second marriage with a royal prince who could at least comprehend her boredom. But her brother, coming to power after a revolution, would need popular support; he must insist that she stay with a husband who could line up the farm bloc behind the new administration. And she would stay, not because of loyalty to her kindred, that favorite motive of early Greek myths and Germanic sagas, not because of loyalty to her husband, the cogent spring of action in more recent times; but because her party had been out of office a long time and she did not want to risk a return to the discomforts of opposition.

I think this is a not overdrawn illustration of the extent to which the ethical and social presuppositions that formed the background of literature in the past have been undermined by what Mr. Walter Lippmann, in his recent "Preface to Morals," calls the acids of modernity. One by one the patterns of

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by Elmer Davis

conduct that governed our ancestors cease to fit us, and literature dealing with conduct guided by those patterns ceases to have any but a historical interest. There have been changes in morals before, and corresponding changes in literature; but as Mr. Lippmann demonstrates, no previous change was so rapid and extensive as this one. The code of our ancestors changed slowly; at any given moment it expressed what all respectable persons, and the majority of intelligent persons, regarded as right and proper. And it had a supernatural sanction; it was not the best intention of man but the will of God. A defender of that code knew that it was right; a rebel against it, risking not only temporal but eternal damnation, had to be absolutely sure that he was right. There you have the makings of a fine conflict and exciting literature. But moral standards are in such flux today that neither rebel nor conservative can be at all confident that his enemy is not nearer right than he is.

* * *

Lately, indeed, intellectual society the world over has come near doing without any moral code at all. That could not last because it did not work; ethical anarchy failed, in general, to make people happy. The new code, or rather the modification of the old code, that is visibly taking shape and gaining adherents today, will probably conduce better to good behavior and happiness under modern conditions than would the code of our ancestors; but it offers thin material to the fiction writer. Under the old law there was an irrepressible conflict between duty and desire; the new code would try to persuade them to submit their difference to the arbitration of the enlightened judgment. The moral struggle of the modern to decide what he ought to do, when there is probably nothing but his own scruples to keep him from doing anything he might like, is uncomfortable enough; but it is less romantic than his ancestor's revolt against Church or State—as an argument before the World Court is less romantic than the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo.

How far we have got away from the past may be measured by a look at some of Mrs. Wharton's earlier novels. It is only eighteen years since "The Reef" was published, but the reticences and hesitancies by which its characters wrecked their happiness must be unintelligible to readers who were in the nursery in 1911. The hero and heroine of "The Age of Innocence," kept apart by certain inhibitions, internal and external, that grew out of the code of New York society in 1880, missed, Mrs. Wharton tells us, "the flower of life." The reader of today is likely to doubt if they missed anything of the sort, possibly even if there is any flower of life to miss; at any rate, he will have small comprehension of the compulsions that made them miss it. Mrs. Wharton writes so well that you forget this unreality when you read the book; but when the bare bones of the story were put on the stage it was painfully apparent. You felt that these tortured young people were like Artemus Ward's Pirate of the Gulf, who for sixteen years was confined in a loathsome dungeon; till one day a bright idea struck him—he opened the window and got out.

* * *

An age of change such as ours offers its own literary material in the conflict between defenders of the old code and rebels who defy it; but as more and more people defy it the conflict becomes one-sided, till at last there is no more conflict at all. That is visibly happening to the authoritarian moral code of our ancestors; I believe it is also happening to the ancestral religion.

To say that religion is going out would be ridiculous; but it does not seem probable that the educated classes as a whole will go back to authoritarian religion, unless they once more lose heart as they did in the later days of Rome. The scientific habit of mind is all against it. There will be Fundamentalists, Catholic and Protestant, for ages to come; but I doubt if many of them will write, or even read, literature that will need to be taken seriously. Accordingly, religion as a literary motive will lose much of its value for the educated classes. "The Way of All Flesh" may always retain its interest as a picture of character and manners; but in so far as it deals with a young man's loss of faith in the Anglican God, our grandchildren may find it as meaningless as we find the presuppositions of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Furthermore, the Church has in most places lost command of the secular arm. The history of persecution may be almost ended, which is an excellent thing for human happiness, but a considerable loss to the fiction writer.

Modernism will apparently be the religion of the intellectual classes in the immediate future, in so far as they will have, in the traditional sense, any religion at all. (Einstein's profession of faith in the God of Spinoza could be echoed by many whom their Christian friends call atheists, but that is not what has been meant by religion in the past.) Modernism has its own spiritual conflicts, but they are too refined and elusive to be very good literary material. The author of "Elmer Gantry" showed a sure instinct for what people want to read when he passed over the groping Modernist Shallard, about whom an extremely interesting novel could have been written for a small public, and concentrated on a gaudy figure whom every anti-clerical reader could recognize as a composite of all the sins of the clergy, proved or alleged.

* * *

Well, a literature which can no longer find much material in traditional religion and morality, or aristocracy, or the supernatural—or in adventure and exploration, now that most savages have been conquered and most wildernesses explored—is going to have to work its other sources all the harder. But there is some fear that the most important source of all is going to be less productive hereafter—love. Literature is not necessarily so dependent on the love motive as moderns might think; it was of minor importance in the writings of the Greeks and Romans, and less important still in the old Germanic sagas and the beginnings of medieval poetry. But from the twelfth century on, love has been a motive of increasing value, till in the nineteenth century it became the most important of all. It still dominates popular fiction, as every writer knows who is beset by magazine editors with demands for stories about pure young love. Even the futilitarian novelists acknowledge its preëminence when they write about the emptiness and fraudulence of love, an argument which derives its news value only from the traditional presupposition that love is not empty and fraudulent.

To say that love is going out would be even more absurd than to write the obituary of religion; but like religion, love is changing. That change was lately analyzed by M. André Maurois, who distinguished four or five successive types of love since the dawn of civilization. The most recent type, romantic love, which has dominated our ideas and our literature for centuries past, is more intense and all-inclusive than any of its predecessors; for while Christianity in its direct dealings with sexual emotion has generally tended to thrust it into the background as a shameful necessity, the indirect influence of Christianity eventually infused love with an idealism previously lacking, and made it a wonder as well as a wild desire.

M. Maurois comes to the depressing conclusion that this romantic love that Shakespeare and Goethe and Tolstoy and Browning wrote about is passing; what is replacing it he describes as a sort of "sensual friendship." Woman used to be a goddess, at least in theory; men could worship her, or what they imagined her to be. Now she has won her equality; they know she is only a human being like themselves. And a woman who works and plays, and of late years drinks with men, probably understands her husband better than in the good old days when she never knew whether he was going to kneel at her feet or break her jaw.

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams says that they still fall in love, in the old-fashioned way; and no doubt many of them do. That our ideas of love are changing is true as yet only of some people, just as only some people have rejected authoritarian religion and traditional morality. But these people happen in the main to be the most advanced and intellectually active section of society; what is true for them now may be true for the majority in our children's time. M. Maurois regrets the passing of romantic love, which he truly describes as the most powerful source of spiritual energy ever evolved. The fiction writer will regret it still more keenly, for it has been his most dependable meal ticket. If that ancient gusher runs dry, he will have to drill a long time before he strikes such another.

I doubt if the change will be as complete as a good deal of contemporary literature might suggest. The casual and incurious promiscuity that makes so many current novels thin and dull probably reflects only a passing phase of manners, and reflects even that imperfectly; the people one knows still get more satisfaction out of their love affairs than the people one reads about. But often it is a different satisfaction than their grandparents got; it may be more durable (in fact if not in fiction), but its best moments are likely to fall short of the keenness of the best moments of romantic love, old style.

For the most satisfactory analysis of romantic love, go to Stendhal. The process which he calls "crystallization"—the identification of a woman you happen to desire with all the aspirations of mankind toward the true, the beautiful, and the good—is the essence of falling in love in the romantic manner. Probably that is an electro-chemical reaction, whose cause and workings we cannot as yet even begin to guess; but it usually involves illusion, both general and particular. You may become very deeply in love with a woman you know pretty well, but you are not so apt to fall in love with her in this particular way; and the modern is not so liable to it as his grandfather because he knows more about women and human nature in general. An experience like that is an irrational intoxication. The trend of our time is toward rationality, and was away from intoxication till the abolition of wine and beer and the deterioration of hard liquor gave intoxication a new birth of freedom.

This change in love, like the change in morals, may be a good thing for the human race; se[illegible] friendship is the most generally successful for [illegible] for happy marriage, and it might save a good [illegible] of disillusionment if more marriages began that [illegible]. But there is less meat in it for the fiction writer than in such passions as enveloped Romeo and Juliet, or Anna Karenina and Vronsky, or Agnes Wickfield and her David.

* * *

It may be said—in fact it has been said, by candid friends to whom some of these ideas have been advanced in conversation—that all this is true only for a single generation—the generation that has not yet got over its pained astonishment at finding itself middle-aged. Suppose that those of us who grew up shortly before the war feel that everything, for the present, has been said; each new generation will grow up into a new world and will have to find it out all over again. Well, if that is true, we might as well stop wasting money on education. That so many current novels repeat what was said better, two hundred or two thousand years ago, proves only that the education of this generation has been faulty. The more we learn, the less will be left to write.

For it is what we call education—the scientific habit of mind and its consequences—that has taken away so many of the presuppositions of literature. So long as we call the same thing education, they will never come back. Enlightenment is not necessarily the enemy of art, but it forces art to seek new material. By physical science man increasingly gets the better of nature; the social sciences aim at eliminating conflicts between man and man; psychology and scientific morality try to remove the conflicts in man's own soul. We have still a long way to go; we may decide to change our direction, or what we call progress may stop altogether and we may fall back into a new Dark Age. But there is no doubt at all where our present road is leading us.

A sketch map of that as yet undiscovered country may be found in "Jerome: or, the Latitude of Love." A Frenchman goes to Norway and falls in love with a Norwegian girl. The Norwegian intellectuals, if you believe this French reporter, are so enlightened that they have got rid of practically all the inhibitions and psychological tangles that still complicate behavior in other lands. When they fall in love and become engaged, they promptly consummate their sexual union. If they find each other uncongenial, the engagement is broken without excitement or

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rancor, and neither is jealous of the other's next lover. If the experiment works, so far, they marry; and when they are tired of marriage they get divorced, without excitement or rancor, to try again with somebody else. The young Frenchman soon found Norway unendurable; to him, complication and nuance and uncertainty were the very essence of love.

This may or may not be an accurate report of present conditions in Norway; it is certainly a plausible forecast of the enlightened society. People who feel like that have got rid of much unhappiness, also of the higher ecstasies; you lose half the thrill of a love affair when you go into it saying, "This too will end; and what of it?" That seems to be the way more and more people go into love affairs today. The gain may outweigh the loss, for the lover; but not for the novelist who writes about him. Consider how much literature finds its motive in jealousy. There will be no jealousy, presumably, in the enlightened society; it happens to be one of the few things for which your contemporary sophisticate feels a moral disapprobation. Dr. Edward Sapir lately argued in *The American Mercury* that jealousy is not only biologically normal, but perhaps biologically useful; the moderns who are trying to get rid of it may be on the wrong track. Right or wrong, if they succeed they will have taken another gold mine away from the novelist. The atempt to eradicate jealousy is so new that one may still write a plausible story about a pair who promised each other that they would never be jealous, and never were jealous until occasion for jealousy arose. But if the experiment succeeds we shall have no more Othellos; and our descendants will be unable (perhaps fortunately) to understand what Catullus felt when he wrote his farewell to Lesbia.

* * *

Philosophers ancient and modern have tried to delineate the ideal personality, the perfect man who is the goal of education, and the various pictures of him are astoundingly similar. I am afraid he will be a poor customer for the book stores; he will not need to read because he will know everything worth knowing. He will not even write, except to teach other men the way to perfection; and as more and more people reach the goal, writing will become increasingly superfluous. The noblest activity, said the Greek philosophers, the occupation of the perfect man in the perfect society, is the contemplation of the Good. But when you have once discovered the Good, there is not much you can say about it but "There it is." You could not make a living by writing about it; not for long. Even so zealous an apostle of the Good as Mr. Harold Bell Wright would be hard up if there were no Evil over which the Good could triumph.

Confucius, I learn from Mr. Lippmann's book on morals, would not talk about certain topics, namely: extraordinary things, feats of strength, disorder, and "spiritual beings" (I suppose that means God). Many of us would have found Confucius rather dull company; the things he would not talk about comprise most of what ordinary people talk about, as well as the bulk of the contents of the newspapers and a great deal of the subject matter of literature. Disorder presumably did not interest Confucius; but the endeavor to get rid of it has been the life work of the human race, and literature is the reflection of the successes and failures of that endeavor. Confucius was no doubt a noble and enlightened personality, but I would rather listen to Lee Speers or Ruth Hale.

Another enlightened person, Plato, sketched the Perfect Society; one factor in its perfection was that it would have no theater, and practically no literature. Plato, who once meant to be a playwright, argued that most people were interested only in plays about disorder and bad conduct, and that even the highly educated Guardians of his perfect state might prefer plays like that, if they had a chance, to the carefully censored monologues of good men praising their own virtues. I seem to remember (but I cannot trace the exact quotation) that somewhere Plato summed it up in the remark that nobody would go to see a play about a good man behaving decently.

Possibly he did not put it quite so strongly. The plays Plato had seen, if what we have left of the Athenian drama is a fair sample, dealt, as a rule, with tolerably good men trying to behave decently in spite of obstacles, external and internal. But by as much as we succeed in cleaning up the universe and human nature, by so much will decent behavior no longer encounter obstacles. Plato knew that, and foresaw that when man was completely adjusted to his environment there would be nothing left to write, except hymns about what fun it was to live in the Perfect Society.

Mr. J. B. S. Haldane suggested in *Harper's* a year or so ago that when man is finally adjusted to his environment he will live three thousand years. Business will be dull for morticians in that blissful day, and for novelists. The artist skilful enough to interest us in the eternal verities may still have his place; but the brashest young reporter of the Facts of Life would hardly dare publish his discoveries to customers who might say, "Why, I read that when I was in prep school, twenty-eight hundred years ago." It is true that some of us, after a couple of thousand years of middle age in a world where there was no disorder, and no desperate struggle against disorder to make fiction interesting, might find ourselves asking, "Where do we go from here?" But that only proves our unfitness for the Perfect Society.

Elmer Davis, author of the foregoing article which was delivered as an address at Purdue University on May 21, is one of the most trenchant of present-day commentators on public affairs as well as a novelist and essayist of note. He was at one time a teacher of classics and for ten years was on the staff of the New York TIMES. *His books include "The Princess Cecilia" (Appleton), "History of the New York* TIMES" (*New York* TIMES), *"Times Have Changed" (Grosset), "I'll Show You the Town" (McBride), "The Keys of the City" (McBride), "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" (McBride), "Strange Woman" (McBride), "Show Window" (Day), and "Giant-Killer (Day).*

From Darkness to Light

THURMAN LUCAS. By HARLAN EUGENE READ. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

THEODORE DREISER'S name must be brought into a review of "Thurman Lucas." The first two-thirds of Mr. Read's novel in many ways reminds us of "An American Tragedy." First of all, it is drenched with gloom, saturated with poverty, despair, and crime. Thurman Lucas, a poor devil who is no more vicious than Clyde Griffiths, nor any more intelligent, is a peg on which Mr. Read hangs an implied indictment of the cruelty of American urban life that is not unlike Mr. Dreiser's indictment. The difference in skill between the two writers comes out in the development of the plot: where Clyde Griffiths's life comes to a logical conclusion, Thurman Lucas breaks away and becomes a fantastic success, spiritually, intellectually, and financially. The first 264 pages of Mr. Read's novel are strong, sober narrative; they are set in the St. Louis of the early 1900's, and they are as highly documented as the newspaper report of a popular murder. But the remainder of his book goes romantic (even though we must confess that it still holds our interest), even sentimental, and it finishes on a note of quiet happiness that is practically white in contrast to the black of the earlier St. Louis episodes.

The book is broken in two; the two parts are incompatible in tone. Many implications and suggestions in the earlier half are entirely disowned, played traitor to, when Mr. Read gets his Thurman Lucas out into the Nevada goldfields. Yet, in spite of this esthetic crime, we are not displeased by the novel. Mr. Read is a conscientious, hard-working writer; the Dreiserian virtues are noticeable. To be sure, the Dreiserian faults are there, too—the visible perspiration and the obstinately unrelieved monotone. As we turn the pages (up to the 264th) we have a respect for the narrative and for the author; we acknowledge the presence of a passionate integrity. Whether this integrity carries over into the second part of the novel, into the sudden sunshine of Nevada, is difficult to say; Thurman Lucas's success may have been one of those fatuous reversals of fortune which actually do occur, and Mr. Read may have been merely dressing up a genuine biography. Or, as is at least possible, he may have lost his courage and decided that hopelessness in the long run would probably not pay—in sales.

In any case, "Thurman Lucas" is an unusually striking novel, abounding in infelicities and serious faults, but somehow essentially significant. Once read, it will not be forgotten.

"Living to Purpose"

RICHARD BURDON HALDANE (VISCOUNT HALDANE): An Autobiography. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

Yale University

IT is hard to think of a career in the last generation that more nearly deserves high admiration than that of Haldane. Many boys twenty years ago read John Morley on Compromise, on Voltaire, and Diderot, and believed they had found a man to whom youth could safely attach enthusiastic adherence. Those boys grew older and watched Morley's career with lessening hope, read his Memoirs at length, and feared that he had been rather a vain man in pursuit of the main chance. Asquith as the leader of Liberalism against Die-Hards and entrenched Conservatism seemed a star to be admired, but turned out a public school man in politics, Baliol and the best of Baliol, but less keen on ideas than on the Premiership. One learns to look on politics and political careers not as in the hour of thoughtless youth, to expect little of leaders and to put faith only in the slow coming in of ideas, ideas that

> seem here no painful inch to gain

but that do creep up backwaters, cover the channels and weirs, and prevail at length. And then one reads of Haldane and his life, lived as one is inclined to believe, true to certain ideas, lived serenely when the world turned against him, and with equal serenity when the justification of his work was set down in the chronicles for all to see, and one renews half afraid his faith in the individual. If hopes are dupes, if the heroes who fought dragons are gone, there are now and then men who do not mind the labor and the wounds, and who by administrative skill and thorough grasp of details accomplish at least a little. This book, as the life recorded in it, is a tonic, as much a tonic as the best of Meredith, as some of the essays of William James, or as C. E. Montague's "The Right Place."

"The great and glorious masterpiece of man is to know how to live to purpose," says Montaigne, and that Haldane knew. Wordsworth says that Nature

> can so inform
> The Mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> **Rash judgments, nor** the sneers of selfish men
> . . . . . .
> Shall e'er prevail against us.

It was apparently not nature that did that for Haldane, but religion. At an early age he threw over formal Christianity, perhaps a shade dramatically, but religious he was, and he went to Germany in search of religion, and found Lotse. Under the guidance of that German philosopher he formulated an idealism which satisfied his religious aspirations and gave him aim in life and peace. In the years after his return to Britain he met the students of T. H. Green and was undoubtedly affected by the teachings of that thinker whose thoughts have been written in the chronicles and statutes of modern England. "My religious outlook," Haldane says, "was a genuine one. It was a deep conviction that the more experience is spiritual, the more it is real." Not putting faith in another world, he urged his fellows to seek immortality here "by defining or enlarging or accomplishing that large social purpose which outlasts many generations of mortal men" (the quotation is from a brilliant summary of his "Essays and Addresses"). Not a Fabian, though associated with many of that group and particularly with the Webbs, whose courtship incidentally he had facilitated, he stood for "equality of chance in life." Towards that ideal he tried to set the flags of the Liberal Party. A party that would go far beyond Gladstone and Harcourt, beyond even the Newcastle Program, was his hope. Later, in looking back, he believed that such a party might have won to themselves the Labor group and so have prevented much of what has happened.

But his outlook did not make him a good party man and that was accounted a weakness in a time when party lines were tightening. A good Liberal he was not. At the time of the Boer War and after, he had not followed Campbell-Bannerman and the Liberal opposition; indeed he had formed with Grey and Asquith a "Liberal-Imperialist" wing of the Party, a wing that came close to going its own way,

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and that when a Liberal Government was formed in 1906 had easily the upper hand. Imperialist he was, but his Imperialism was not that of Chamberlain and Disraeli, nor that which Harcourt loved to condemn, but an imperialism that meant clearing up the relations between the self-governing dominions and the mother country, meant the Judicial Appeal to the Privy Council, an exact legal relationship: in no closer relationship did Haldane believe. He was as far from the traditions of his party on the Education Bill of 1902.

> The Liberal Party opposed the Bill hotly. I saw that no alternative course was open to the Conservative Government of the day, and I thought the importance of developing a national system of education was so great that the Bill which contained the conscience clauses ought to be passed.

On the coal question he had a program of his own, a program that was written into the report of the Sankey Commission, that the managers of the industry should be trained as army officers to the spirit of responsibility and self-sacrifice in dealing with subordinates. As Lord Chancellor he applied his organizing mind to his office and improved the personnel of the judiciary and the methods of choosing judges; he initiated that revision of the English Land Law which Birkenhead and Cave completed. Such a man working through all parties, hitting upon devices for improvement, inventing expedients to bring together opposing forces, yet never forgetting fundamentals nor his main aims, is that perfect example, rarely seen, of the philosopher in politics.

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All this work will no doubt be forgotten by a public which will hardly forget, however, that his reorganization of the army made it possible to throw that army at once across the Channel, brought the Territorials quickly into the war, and secured a proper General Staff. The worth of that work Haldane knew well enough, but there was another achievement nearer to his life's set purpose, what he did for the foundation and development of the newer civic universities. It was possibly a blessing for England that Haldane was saved from an English public school and from Oxford or Cambridge. In his Scottish home and at Edinburgh University he absorbed much of the old humanities—it is hard for a youth in Scotland to escape them—and at Göttingen he gained a continental outlook upon the world and a sympathy with the depth and breadth and democracy of German education. To see Britain equally well equipped with universities all over the island, universities that offered facilities to a wide public, and that included technical subjects as well as the humanities, was his dream. It was a dream not easy to realize in an England full of educational conservatives, some of them in the home of lost causes under the dreaming spires, men who believed in the old Oxonian education and in no other, and held that education should be of one kind and for one kind. But Haldane had influence in both parties, he found backing from Balfour, and was able to transform London University and Manchester, and to set going the movement which resulted in charters for Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, and Sheffield universities. His plan for the Irish universities was at length carried through years after he devised the scheme which would satisfy both Catholics and Protestants. To see that these newer universities acquired prestige and intellectual vigor, to see that secondary education and adult education became wide-spread, was the thing nearest his heart. "There are definite reforms coming into sight," he wrote Ramsay Macdonald, "without which my life work would be thrown away." It was because he had most hope of educational reforms from the Labor Party that he finally attached himself to their banners.

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Lord Haldane, like so many people, played with the idea that the war might have been avoided, and, though regarding his friend Grey as a first-rate statesman, comes near to saying that more imagination on the part of the English and more understanding of the German point of view might have saved much.

> I had always thought that if Great Britain had been less illiterate about the spirit and traditions of the difficult people across the German ocean, and had begun, say after the Treaty of Berlin, to show that she understood Germany, the Balance of Power difficulty might have been averted. . . . Great directing minds would have had to work over a long period. . . . The policy, too, would have been one demanding great knowledge on the part of those responsible for it, of the spirit and history of the nations other than their own.

Had there not been in Britain at the head of the Foreign Office a high-minded country gentleman who loved the woods and the north country moors, who knew something of traditional British diplomacy but could not even talk French, who knew more of fly-fishing than of German opinion and outlook: had there been instead a man, or rather one man after another, of cosmopolitan outlook and swift imagination, who knows what the world might have been saved? The little village memorials might not be scattered over an island that is still unable to forget, the Rupert Brookes might still be writing imperishable verse, the plan of giving education to all boys and girls between twelve and eighteen might have been put into effect, the attack on poverty might have been given push after push, and the old, wholesome idealism that springs out of middle-class Englishry might be working as a liberalizing force in the councils of the world. Instead the young men who were coming on to do Britain's job in the world have long finished their short assignments, and futility hangs over much of her life and certainly over her politics.

Haldane saw his own life as one in which luck had been with him and in which romance had not been wanting. The true Scot noted the way in which little incidents in the court room, incidents, however, that sprang out of that thorough preparation characteristic of his work, widened his practice; he is not ashamed to tell how the figures of his income increased from year to year. His brief love affair he leaves in mystery, but he does not hesitate to tell us how on the day when he became Lord Chancellor he went round to his old rooms at No. 5 New Square. But a great day came in June, 1919, a day that must have given satisfaction to the man who had borne quietly all the assaults of the press, the loss of friends, and the distrust of the English public. He had not been asked to take any part in the great Victory parade, and remained all day in his rooms. That evening an officer was announced, and the servant was careful lest it be someone to insult or injure him. It turned out to be the rather embarrassed Field-Marshal Haig with a volume of his Dispatches inscribed "to the Greatest Secretary of State for War England has ever had."

Passionate Protest

THE SON OF DR. TRADUSAC. By ELIZABETH HUNTINGTON. New York: Duffield and Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

HERE is a novel of passionate protest against outworn forms and cruelties and inanities. There is an earnestness and straightforwardness about "The Son of Dr. Tradusac" that will save it completely from casual accusations of an intent to be spectacular or sensational. It has both the sincerity and the bitterness of beauty-thwarted youth; that thoughtful youth which, seeing the made and calling it not-good, has no choice but to revolt.

Abner Tradusac is the son of Dr. Tradusac, born into the New York of the brown stone period. From a home life which would certainly, from a superficial standpoint, have been called enviable, he derives an armor whose pitiful inadequacy becomes apparent even in his school days. Courageously, Miss Huntington leads her hero not into the romantic evil which is so easily condoned both in and out of fiction, but into petty vice and fear and shame. The life of Abner Tradusac is not pretty reading, and it is not easy reading; but it will be read. One finds a spirit in the book that flames through the sordidness of the story, through even the moralizings so frankly interpolated in the text, reminding one of those lines which trouble Michael Mount of the Forsyte Saga—"They must conquer or die who know no retreat."

There is something intensely personal about this first novel which is also, tragically, a posthumous one. It is the story of a young man, written by a young woman, yet surely it is the autobiography of youth written out of a full heart gone sick at finding pretense everywhere. "The Son of Dr. Tradusac" is, through circumstance, a single separate thing; it is this, too, by nature.

Flora Annie Steel, one of the early champions of the women's movement in England, and a widely read novelist died recently. Her most famous novel, "On the Face of the Waters," has been said by people who know the subject to contain the most illuminating study of the Indian Mutiny that any writer has achieved.

Days of Horror

LET TOMORROW COME. By A. J. BARR. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

AMONG the large and generally indifferent crop of autobiographical volumes by former bandits, burglars, rum-runners, revolutionaries, hoboes, tramps, and others intent upon giving us pictures of the lower depths, this short book holds a place of genuine distinction. The author is a Westerner who lands in a county jail, and from it is transferred to the "bighouse" or State penitentiary. His style is rough, but has the merits of sincerity and force; he sees the constant play of drama in the monotony and cruelty of prison life, and he has told his story in a series of succinct sketches, all the more effective because curt and elliptical. The result is nearer the level of Jack London than of Gorki, but with both a horrifying expertness and an undertone of compassion that London seldom revealed.

* * *

The problem of the convict in this book is to keep alive and sane. He fights lice, stench, bad sanitation, the menace of syphilis and tuberculosis; he puts up with poor food, overwork, and lack of recreation; he obeys the orders of domineering guards. Some do not stand up under the punishment. The tubercular convict coughs his lungs away. The soft, diseased banker—sent up for embezzlement, overcome with despair and shame and tortured with nightmares at night—loses flesh and collapses into a fear-dazed heap of clothing huddled on a bench. A crazy runt, pigeon-breasted and spindle-shanked, runs amuck with his shovel and then butts his brains out against a wall. Worse than the physical hardship, for all except the half-witted and the easy-going negroes, are the mental agonies. The men strive to keep up their courage and optimism by any expedient within reach—the brainier few meet, discuss, and dispose of weighty intellectual issues on the sly; the vulgar average tell smutty stories and sing the impromptu balladry of the prison; the brutal quarrel, stage fights with each other, play t[illegible] of stool-pigeons to revenge themselves upo[illegible] mates. But nearly all contend: against despai[illegible]

> Time goes past on little feet, pacing with short steps and moving as silently and as slowly as the sun moves, precisely from dawn to dark and dark to dawn. No man's grief or shame or hate will make it break its slow pace. A wife, a child, or a convict's free partner may fret, weep, curse, trying to shove ahead time to the day of the convict's release, and time still will move in short steps on litt[illegible] feet. The mind of each man, if the sentence be less than life, spurts ahead to the day of release the instant the man enters here through the great metal gates. In the after days behind the high red walls the man may seem to have taken indifference for companion. He may turn to his keepers the dim face of resignation, and may neither weep nor curse aloud. But in his soul he screams that the days are overlong and the long black nights are longer.

In this record the penitentiary appears as a strange city of the damned and despairing, the calloused and indifferent, the malignant and defiant. Sometimes the author falls short of his intended effects; his description of a hanging and the waves of foreboding, depression, and anger it sends through the prison, is rather commonplace. But sometimes he hits the mark unerringly. His chapters on the prison rats in a flood, on the escape of a convict, on the "lifer" who serves as librarian and has become a cultured and altruistic gentleman, and on Carpenter Sheppard, the convict who longs for nothing but the use of his beloved tools again, are grim and telling sketches. The book has its marked crudities, but its authenticity and value are all the greater for that very fact.

Art in a Democracy

(*Continued from page* 1043)

no matter how stiff its content or novel its mode of expression. Carpers who say that we are less receptive of good books than the Victorians are simply ignorant, both of us and the Victorians.

But that it is harder for an artist to maintain the balance of his artistic integrity now—when living is dear, when there are such temptations to grasp the rewards of mass production—that, of course, is true. He has to be more passionately an artist, he has to be surer of his art, he has to be keenly aware of his own times, which are not Shakespeare's or Tennyson's, and call for a different expressiveness. The need is not for less democracy, but for bigger men.

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Books of Special Interest

Gardens and Mankind

A HISTORY OF GARDEN ART. By MARIE LUISE GOTHEIN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 vols. $25.

Reviewed by MARION PARRIS SMITH

MARIE LUISE GOTHEIN'S great work on Garden Art, published in Germany in 1913, is now available in English. In a general appreciation of the book it is difficult to decide which of two outstanding qualities should deserve first mention; the breadth and catholicity of its scholarship, or the Spartan restraint which has eliminated all tempting bits of extraneous information.

Sir Reginald Bloomfield has described a garden as "a place of retirement and seclusion, a place for quiet thought and leisurely enjoyment." It is a bit of territory cut off from "wild nature," attached to a habitation, planned for and constructed as carefully as house or temple—and so it has been from earliest known times. From one point of view, Frau Gothein's book is a history of mankind seen from the narrow enclosure of a garden. Dynasties come and go; civilizations rise and fall; and their destinies affect the shape, size, purpose, decoration, and furnishing of gardens. We have read, in our time, history from a constitutional, military, ecclesiastical, or economic slant. Here is history from the point of view of people who made and lived in gardens. In less skilful hands the magnitude of the task and the manifest scantiness of some of the material would have subjected the author to the temptation of including in the narrative everything that pertained to horticulture. This weakness has marred many a lesser work.

To be precise, the book is a history of garden design with full reference to its associated arts of architecture, sculpture, the decorative treatment of water, and other accessories. The details of horticulture, i.e., the varieties of trees, shrubs, and plants that may be grown in a garden, are sparingly noted—too sparingly in many cases. General botanical considerations are almost wholly omitted. But there is a wealth of reference to the literature of the subject, and the six hundred and more illustrations, many reproduced from the glorious copperplate engravings of the seventeenth century, are in their way as instructive as the text. In form, the book has an architectural character; it consists of a porch, a nave, and dependent chapels. The first four chapters (the porch) deal with the garden art of Ancient Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome, as it is revealed in frescos, sculptures, and scattered narratives. One chapter describes Byzantine gardens and the marvelous development of garden architecture in the countries of Islam. Considerable space is given to the Moorish gardens of Spain, but no reference is made to the Mogul gardens of North India. One chapter is devoted to the Middle Ages in the West.

The main structure of the book, however, consists of five magnificent chapters on the revival of garden design in the Renaissance; first in Italy, then in the Spanish peninsula, France, England, and North Europe. The crossing and choir (to press our architectural analogy) are two long chapters on the perfecting of the formal French garden by Le Notre, creator of Versailles, Clagny, Marly-le-roi, Chantilly, Fontainebleau, Saint-Germain, Meudon, Saint-Cloud—and legendary architect of the new Hampton Court gardens, St. James Park, and half-a-dozen palace gardens on the Continent. These seven chapters constitute the most valuable and interesting part of the book, and give a detailed history of the development of a great art, from its beginning in the Renaissance gardens of Italy, to its culmination in the French gardens of the *Roi Soleil*. We have in compact form and with a wealth of illustration, the growth of the axial plan, the solution of the problem of diversity in unity, and the final uniting of architecture and garden design in an organic whole. A chapter on gardens in China and Japan interrupts the narrative of garden history in the West, possibly to introduce the exotic note that is one feature of the revolution in taste that occurred in the eighteenth century.

Two chapters have been added to the English edition which are not by the author and which are inferior to the rest of the book. "Modern English Gardening" has been contributed by the editor, Mr. Walter P. Wright. "Landscape Architecture in North America (United States and Canada)" is by Professor Frank A. Waugh of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. This latter contains miscellaneous and provocative statements about American gardens, and fairly full, somewhat statistical, information about national parks, forests, monuments, state lands, municipal planning, agricultural schools, etc. of questionable significance in a history of garden design.

Where so much is excellent, negative critism seems ungracious. But where so much is attempted, the limits of accomplishment may be indicated without reproach. The Chapter on the "Middle Ages in the West" is inadequate. Since the first edition of Frau Gothein's book appeared in 1913 Sir Frank Crisp's "Mediæval Gardens" has given us in compact form detailed knowledge of both monastery and castle gardens in the Middle Ages, with their characteristic features of sparse planting, raised beds, mazes, mounts, and galleries. No mention is made of this book in the bibliography of this edition. The chapter on oriental gardens leaves even more to be desired. The author appears to be familiar with the Japanese landscape garden and its significance, but not with the sources of Japanese garden esthetic, the symbol garden of China with its reproduction on a minute scale of sacred scenes from Buddhist legendary history. In the chapters on England, one gets the impression that gardening began with the Renaissance, as little mention is made of the castle, monastery and university gardens which flourished before the Elizabethan age.

But the most serious defect in the book is the by-product of one of its excellencies. In rigorously eliminating from her discussions of garden design the applied art of horticulture and the natural science of botany, Frau Gothein seems unaware of the wider and more fundamental causes of eighteenth century romanticism in general, and of landscape gardening in particular. It is in these fields that we must search for the causes of the revolt against formalism, and not in the very tenuous "Chinese influence" which she cites. In lieu of a long phrase, we may accept Professor Chinard's word "*éxotisme*" for the wider and more fundamental causes. The rise of botany in the late 16th century was the direct result of the knowledge of new plant species from the Western hemisphere. The immense enthusiasm in the 17th century for natural science in general and botany in particular was kindled and fed by reports of travelers and explorers, and by collections of new species which gradually filtered into Europe, and which is evidenced by the number of botanical gardens founded before 1700. Enthusiasm for nature, untrammeled and unspoiled, for the Noble Savage, for Natural Society, for freedom, (*éxotisme*), expressed itself in terms of garden art in the *flair* for the natural landscape, and *per contra*, in impatience with the axial design, the *parterre de brodérie*, and the eccentricities of topiary work, which marked the old formal garden. Landscape gardeners in the late eighteenth century were nourished on Mark Catesby's "Natural History of Carolina," "Florida and the Bahama Islands," and on Bartram's "Travels," as those of the early nineteenth century were on the "René" and "Atala" of Chateaubriand. Both Kent and "Capability" Brown were undoubtedly destructive creatures. But no less so were the levellers of the Bastille. Back of their respective depredations lay a century and a half of destructive criticism of the formalism of autocracy and of idealization of a state of nature. The English landscape garden was as inevitable in its way as the French Republic of 1792. Its creators and admirers were romantics; for them, art was an imitation, not the antithesis, of nature. They "leapt the fence and saw all nature was a garden," and this in itself, constituted a mild revolution. They did more; they banished statuary, cut down pleached alleys, and planted in every gentleman's grounds "a prettyish little wilderness" such as Lady de Bourgh observed upon her classic visit to Elizabeth Bennett.

But after praising Frau Gothein for restraint, it is captious to require her to rewrite the history of the Romantic Movement. To conclude with a catalogue of merits—her two volumes are a mine of scholarship. The translation by Mrs. Archer-Hind is so excellent that not an echo of an alien idiom rings through its lucid English. Though the bibliography is negligible, the index is admirable. The narrative is a dignified representation of the rise and culmination of a great art.

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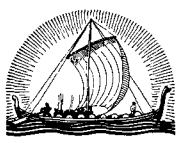

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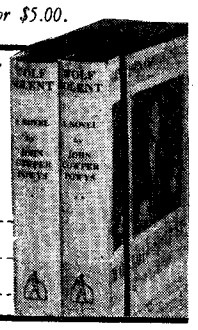

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 60. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most convincing original sonnet built around the following rhyme words—*dust, horse, course, must, mistrust, source, force, gust, speed, sides, heed, rides, steed, provides.* (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of June 3.)

Competition No. 61. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing satirical Jazz Song and Chorus—"The Intellectual Blues" such as might occur in a piece called "The Highbrows' Revue." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of June 17.)

THE FIFTY-EIGHTH COMPETITION

"What song the sirens sang," said Sir Thomas Browne, "is a matter not altogether beyond conjecture." The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the best conjectured song or fragment of the song has been awarded to Corinne R. Swain of Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PRIZE SONG OF THE SIRENS

(A fragment, freely translated)

SISTER, stand by for the theme song; here comes a peach of a mariner!
Cheerio, handsome he-man! Why are you sailing so swiftly?
Yoo-hoo! Steer over this way; do stop awhile and be sociable,
Worshipful stranger!

Where have you been all my life?
My, but you're big and good-looking!
Tell me about your adventures; surely you've done something glorious!
Say, I've looked forward for years to meeting a wonderful hero—
Aw, come on over!

Graybeards and poky old women doubtless have told you I'm dangerous;
Called me flirtatious and fast, lacking in moral stability;
That's how they pick on a girl, if she's jolly and easy to look at;
Don't let them scare you!

I am the fairy-tale princess, dear to your boyish romancing;
I am the Girl of your Dreams; I am the Heroine Marvelous;
Golden-haired, dimpled and feminine,
Loving and sweetly subservient—
Formed to delight you.

Can you sail on to your goal, blind to the lure of my loveliness?
Can you be deaf to my song, when it echoes your innermost longing?
I am the Romance Potential; I am the Woman Mysterious—
Can you resist me?

CORINNE R. SWAIN.

This competition reaped a large crop of entries, of which the average standard was exceptionally high in spite of the hazards of the theme. Unhappily I have no space at present to print all the outstanding entries. One of the best came from Deborah C. Jones who (subtly avoiding a direct sex-appeal) made her sirens sympathetically maternal and played on her mariners' memories of home and safety. Arjeh wrote a charming song which failed only because it was a shade too impersonal in appeal. Homer Parsons sent three entries: one was much too luscious, another (about a fire alarm) utterly beside our and Sir Thomas Browne's point, and the third an unsuccessful American vaudeville adaptation of the theme. Claudius Jones's hexameters were clever but of too intellectually classical a character. Frances H. Gaines's Homeric epithets were excellent and exact but over slavish. C. A. Wagner's sirens sang sweetly but sententiously.

Elizabeth Wray's frank sensuality was, I think, a mistake, but she wrote well; and A. L. Campbell's psychological appeal to the ship's-company's need for fresh fruit and meat was not sufficiently supported by the accompanying arguments. Marshall M. Brice untactfully permitted his singers to contrast their charms with those of Penelope. I think they would have found more subtle approaches than that. Lilian Byrnes and D. Genaitis did not in practice justify their admirable theories and Anne Winslow forgot in alluding to Ulysses as "Son of Laertes" (which he was) that she had already called him "Son of Atreus" (which he wasn't).

Sarah Banks wrote a good song and John A. L. Odde voluntarily and cleverly sang in Latin.

COMPETITION NO. 57

The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the best short Song for May Day 1929 has been divided equally between Claudius Jones and Phoebe Scribble.

THE PRIZE SONGS

I

"Ach, zu des Geistes Flügeln wird so leicht
Kein körperlicher Flügel sich gesellen."

Sun of May, this year shall follow
Other birds than thrush and swallow,
As, above the spires of men,
You pursue your course again,
For at last to spirit's wings
Man corporeal pinion brings.

Heart of May, this year your measures
Sing new joys and deeper pleasures,
As above the thoughts of man
They the skies of fancy span,
Wings of love, to pinions strong,
Joined in hymeneal song.

CLAUDIUS JONES

II

Our sky is patterned with bolder wings than a bluebird's,
But charm is alive in his glancing azure yet,
And, high though appointed, the waves of the air will loiter
For gathering up the fragrance of mignonette.

And so to one whose caprices the year round are flattered
By city and ship, I bring in the antique way,
An armful of cowslip, raggedrobin, and bluebell,
The better to say "I love you" and "Here is May."

PHOEBE SCRIBBLE.

This was a disappointing competition. Very few of the week's songs really sang. Surely a May Day song should have a chorus. Not many competitors seemed to think so although John A. L. Odde and some others at least caught the idea that I wanted something suitable for communal singing, something not too far within the convention. The winning poems are of a more personal kind. Both contain awkwardnesses ("high though appointed" and "corporeal pinion") and obscurities, but both, in places sound a genuine note. Better than either, though too detached and pictorial to be called a song, were some pretty verses by Agnes Kendrick Gray. Miss Gray forgot the 1929; but I hope to find room for her poem here in the near future.

Frances H. Gaines was the best of several who wasted time with personifications of the singing May. Homer Parsons invited the *verboten* oysters to come out to play. Margaret McGarvey burlesqued a Shakespearean song—

Beatrice Chauvenet, D. C. deJong, Corinne Swain, John Swain, Alice M. Dowd, and Deborah C. Jones deserve mention. K. D. Little sent some pleasant verses which had no reference to May Day or to 1929. When people offer poems from their MS files in the hope of winning a prize here they should at least take the trouble to remove the ancient titles.

Points of View

Mr. Simond's Fling

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

Mr. Frank Simonds in his review of a book which treats of Colonel Edward M. House and General Wilson of the British army in wartime goes out of his way to attack Woodrow Wilson, who was not a subject of the book under consideration.

I have no doubt that Mr. Simonds is an authority on Europe. But there was a time when many of his readers thought he was not and, from many revisions, indicated in his writings, it would seem that he would not be so eager now to attack others who, from their work, must have known as much as he did at the time.

What Woodrow Wilson knew about Europe had been indicated in at least one fairly good book published long before most of us knew anything about Europe. I would not say Wilson was an expert on Europe when the war began; but I would not accept Clemenceau's judgment on the subject in view of the many, many proclamations of positive knowledge by the French premier which turned out wholly wrong. And, by the way, whoever wrote a more stupid book about the United States than Georges Clemenceau? And how many times did not Clemenceau declare that the Germans could pay France more than all the assessed movable property of Germany? Surely, the author of so many stupid assertions about Europe and America is hardly a last authority on Woodrow Wilson. I am not a little surprised and pained that Mr. Simonds should take the fling he does at one who, among the leaders of his time, was counted as good as the best. Purely personal opinions of men outside the study in hand do not seem to me very appealing; and they rather belittle the art of criticism.

WILLIAM E. DODD.

University of Chicago.

Magyar Minorities

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

In the *Saturday Review of Literature*, April 27, 1929, appeared a review of Mr. L. Steier's book, "Ungarns Vergewaltigung," written by Mr. Robert Dunlop. In this review Mr. Dunlop is taking the side of Mr. Steier and says that "about a million Hungarians, who, without being allowed the right of self-determination, which formed the backbone of Wilson's programme, have been handed over like a herd of cattle to the tender mercies of the Czecho-Slovaks, and we must say that they have been treated little better than the cattle."

Will you kindly permit me to say a few words about the treatment of the Magyar minority in Czechoslovakia and also about the Slovak minority in Hungary? In Czechoslovakia there are 745,431 Magyars, who, as well as other minorities in Czechoslovakia, enjoy civic and political equality. The fact, for example, that the franchise in Czechoslovakia is universal, equal, and secret, without restriction even for women, is something that the Hungarians do not enjoy in Hungary. In the Czechoslovak Parliament the various racial groups (apportioning also the communists to their respective nationalities) have the following number of seats:

The Czechoslovak parties	204	seats
Germans	73	"
Hungarians	13	"
Ruthenians	8	"
Poles	2	"

a distribution which corresponds practically precisely to the racial distribution of the population. Civic rights again include liberty of the press and the right of public meeting. In 1918, in the whole territory of the Czechoslovak republic, were published 28 Magyar newspapers; at present there are 114. The flourishing political life and number of associations and clubs among the Hungarian minority are the best proof of the minority's situation in this direction. According to the statistics of the 1924-25 school year in Czechoslovakia there were 814 Hungarian elementary schools, of which 811 were State schools and 3 private schools. Altogether, they contained 1,452 classes, occupied 1,455 teachers, and were attended by 96,035 pupils. The Hungarian minority has in Czechoslovakia 5 secondary schools with 99 classes, 88 teachers, and 4,042 pupils, 1 agricultural school, 1 commercial academy, etc.

And now, what is the situation of the Slovak minority in Hungary? There are, according to the Hungarian statistics, 141,882 Slovaks in Hungary, 551,221 Germans, 23,760 Rumanians, and 53,989 Serbs and Croats, which means that a full 10 per cent. of the population of Hungary is composed of minorities. How many Slovak newspapers are published in Hungary? One weekly paper (*Slovak News*), which is the mouthpiece of the Government. At Békéscaba, the biggest Slovak centre (with a population of over 20,000 Slovaks), an effort was made to issue a Slovak weekly, but it was frustrated through a governmental decree stating that the publishing of this Slovak paper would increase in a dangerous way the consumption of news-press paper. How many elementary schools have the Slovaks in Hungary? Not a single one. In 1924-25 there were 36 Hungarian schools with the Slovak language as medium of instruction. If justice were to be done to the minorities in Hungary in the same measure that it is done to the minorities of Czechoslovakia, there ought to be in Hungary at least 157 Slovak elementary schools. Upper elementary schools and secondary and high schools are exclusively in Hungarian, not one existing for the minorities. Not one Slovak is sitting in the Hungarian parliament.

Is it true, then, the assertion of Mr. Dunlop, that the Czechs are treating Hungarians little better than the cattle and that they would be glad to root them out with fire and sword?

S. KLIMA.

Crime Fiction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I have had occasion recently to make a bit of a study and survey of recent Crime Fiction, and thought perhaps some of your readers might be interested in a list of the books in this field that have received favorable notice from the critics and a general public reception during the last year or so. It has been said that in mystery books popularity is nearer the true measure of merit than is the case in other book fields—and I may say that that formula has been sustained in my investigation.

A good book may or may not win public favor, but a good mystery story invariably does, at least, under the conditions of the present times. If a crime book is not on a best-seller list, if its sales and public reception lag behind, then it is safe to assume there is something wrong with the contents. The reading public that looks for escape, excitement, and exercise of the deductive powers in crime fiction, like the young readers of youthful adventure stories, will put up with no nonsense in the presentation of its specialized field of reading.

The following, then, is a list of crime fiction books that have gained popularity and therefore are among the outstanding recent publications in this field. The list is by no means conclusive, but rather representative.

"The Bishop Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine.
"The Seven Dials Mystery," by Agatha Christie.
"Murder by the Clock," by Rufus King.
"The Strange Disappearance of Mary Young," by Milton Propper.
"Footprints," by Kay Cleaver Strahan.
"The White Crow," by Philip McDonald.
"The Silk Stocking Murders," by Anthony Berkeley.
"The Old Dark House," by J. B. Priestley.
"The Case with Nine Solutions," by J. J. Conington.
"The Prisoner in the Opal," by A. E. W. Mason.
"As a Thief in the Night," by R. Austin Freeman.
"Death in the Dusk," by Virgil Markham.
"Into the Abyss," by John Knittel.
"The Door of Death," by John Esteven.
"Diversey," by McKinley Kantor.

During the last three or four years, three books stand out: "The Green Murder Case," "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," and "The Bellamy Trial."

In addition there is the long list of mystery writers whose publics look to the author first and his subject afterward, writers who command a personal following despite variations of general taste in crime books *per se*. Noteworthy among these are Oppenheim, Conan Doyle, J. S. Fletcher, Sax Rohmer, Frank Packard, and Edgar Wallace.

In the field of non-fiction crime books, of crime analysis, technique, and history, Edmund Pearson, William Bolitho, Lord Birkenhead, George Dilnot, Bruce Graeme, William Roughead, and Hans Gross are among the leading authorities.

JAMES BLAIR.

New York City.

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Foreign Literature

German Poets

VERSE DER LEBENDEN: DEUTSCHE LYRIK SEIT 1910. Edited by H. E. JAKOB. (Second edition.) Berlin: Propyläen-Verlag. 1929.

JUNGE DEUTSCHE LYRIK. Edited by OTTO HEUSCHELE. Leipzig: Philip Reclam. 1929.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THESE two anthologies provide a very comprehensive and on the whole an accurate view of tendencies in contemporary German poetry. Attention at the outset must be called, however, to the rather misleading title of the first volume. It was first published in 1924, and among the living at that date was Rainer Maria Rilke, also Stefan George—who is still with us. Among the not-living, in a physical sense, was Georg Heym, who after a remarkable short literary career was drowned in 1912 at the age of twenty-four. Yet some of his poems are included, but not one poem of the two older poets. This may perhaps be due to publisher's difficulties—it is well known that George never appears in anthologies, but the fact that Heym appears and Rilke—some of whose most remarkable work, in particular his "Sonette an Orpheus" and his "Duineser Elegien," appeared in 1923—does not, strengthens the critic in the opinion that this anthology was designed rather to illustrate certain of the latest tendencies than to give the reader an all-round view of German poetry between 1910 and 1924.

The editor's introduction, in fact, makes this intention plain. A brief sketch of German poetry before 1910 is followed by an account of the way in which the first breach was made in the ranks of the Parnassians by the Jewish poet, Max Brod, and how the assault was driven home by such writers as Georg Heym and Ernst Blass, followed by the whole regiment of the Expressionists, with Franz Werfel and Johannes Becher at their head. It is sometimes assumed that it was the tremendous experience of the war that brought about the Expressionist movement. A careful reading of this anthology, with particular attention to the brief biographical notes at the end, will dispose of the idea. The "Chaotiker," as Herr Jakob calls them, those determined enemies of Renaissance Classicism, of Symbolism, or Parnassianism, began about the year 1910 to make their harsh, loud, intense voices heard above the gentle music of their older contemporaries. They were not mere Naturalists—and Herr Jakob seems to us to go wrong in so classifying them; their affinities were in many respects with the Futurism of Signor Marinetti. But it is true enough that they carried on, in a far more emphatic form, the technique of the Naturalists of the 'nineties and felt the same attraction to the so-called realities of life, that is, according to the Naturalist gospel, the sordid streets of the great industrial cities, the lives of the lower classes and the oppressed victims of the capitalist system. But they also had a certain dynamic energy, and a cosmic sweep which was foreign to an Arno Holz. They hated bourgeois society and the forms of art it had come to favor; they looked for revolution—and certain of Heym's poems were a true prophecy of 1914 and 1919. In their discontent, their concentrated impatience with the state of society in which they found themselves, some of them, such as Walter Hasenclever or Ernst Toller, engaged in actual revolution, and in their poetry approached incoherence and sheer dadaism, the rhetoric of incomprehensibility. For them the war and the revolution which followed it, particularly the Bolshevik element in it, was a fulfilment, and rarely has such a time of chaos, of intense but, as it proved, vain ambitions, been more accurately mirrored in art.

The chaos, however, did not last and much of the verse which gave it expression did not last either. A superior literary gift saved several of the so-called Expressionists from oblivion, and one can hardly doubt that such poets as Franz Werfel and Oskar Loerke will survive in any really representative anthology of twentieth-century German verse. But if we regard Expressionism as not merely the rebellion against Impressionism, but the school of revolt against German bourgeois society, kept in corporate being only by that fact, then it is obvious that the day of Expressionism was over when the bourgeois foundations of German society began to emerge, essentially unchanged, from the flood which had once threatened to overwhelm them.

Had a Soviet system established itself in Germany and maintained itself as it has in Russia, there can be no doubt that the Expressionist school would have flourished as the only authoritative reflection of German life in German art. This, however, was not to be, and the result of the counter-revolution, as one may perhaps call it, may be seen in the second anthology we have selected for review. Gone is all the preoccupation with revolutionary politics, gone the strident expression of sympathy with the tramps, the prostitutes, the diseased wage-slaves of the great cities; gone the bursting energy of rhetoric, the cosmic gestures and sharp staccato language of the writers who figure most prominently in the earlier volume. The nightmare of the factories, the mortuaries, the dirty quayside, has given place to the sweet dream of the country, the southern sun, idyllic love, pleasant music, and classical reminiscence. It may be only a reaction, but it is an interesting one to take note of, and like the Expressionist movement, it seems capable of producing at least as many poets who can count on surviving for genuine literary abilty.

We may take the virile, confident verses of Richard Billinger as an example, or the deep religious feeling of Ruth Schaumann. The latter is a reminder that the Catholic movement in contemporary German literature is to be taken seriously. The *Gemeinschaftsgefühl*, of which the Expressionists were inclined to claim the monopoly, has been revived under the appearance of a sincere devotion to Catholic ideals; revolution of the common man has yielded place to the religion of the common man. In technique it must be frankly said that these youngest poets have nothing novel to offer; some are even derivative, their dependence on the models of Rilke and Hugo von Hofmannsthal is obvious. But technique is not all-important; Wordsworth did not supersede Pope merely because he rejected the heroic couplet. And so it may well be that these youngest poets of all are the heralds of a new era in German poetry, an era in which the peasant will be as important a theme as the mill-hand, the limpid stream as the town-sewer, the village-child as the patient in the cancer-ward, and quiet confidence as the shriek of despair. For all their insistence that the Impressionists were the real materialists, the Expressionist school, in practice, was largely inspired by a materialist philosophy, and their world was a determinist world, into which God could not enter. The poets represented in Herr Heuschele's anthology form a striking contrast to all this. It will be interesting to see whether their work endures. At least the editor seems justified when he claims that they represent a return to the normal traditions of German literature, a continuation and a renewal of most of the elements which have proved themselves to be permanent in German lyric poetry.

Foreign Notes

"BEFORE the tragic death of his son Philippe in 1923 and his own eventual exile," says the London *Observer*, "Léon Daudet had planned what may be called his topographical reminiscences. Exile had steadied hand and eye, but throughout Paris Vécu (Nouvelle Revue Française) the tragedy is at the back of his mind. Nevertheless, others besides Camelots du Roi can appreciate this book, since it covers most aspects of Parisian life of the last thirty years. Daudet, a pugnacious E. V. Lucas, wanders from quarter to quarter, finding incentives to memory in street after street. Famous names are legion, among them Alphonse Daudet, Jaurès, Barrès, Debussy, Coquelin, Mistral, Steinlen, and Proust."

A monument to Rupert Brooke is to be erected on the island of Skyros, where he is buried. A committee is also arranging for a volume of "International Homage," and for the French and Arabic translations of his poems.

"Divinita Ignote," by Silvio Ferri, throws light on funeral rites of the Greek colonies in the Mediterranean, especially by means of some curious archaic sculpture discovered in Magna Grecia. The volume, which is profusely illustrated, forms part of the "Collezione Meriodionale," edited by Zanotti Bianco, and published at Palazzo Taverna, Montegiordano, Roma.

"The new Turkey," says a dispatch to the New York *Times*, "is having a bad attack of mental indigestion. She has tried to swallow at one gulp the titanic mouthful of a brand new alphabet, and the result is nation-wide mental dyspepsia."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE HEARTH OF HAPPINESS. By ANNE SHANON MONROE. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

There is no difficulty in understanding Miss Monroe's popularity, and those who are tempted to a supercilious attitude toward advice columns in a *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Woman's Home Companion*, will be well advised to resist such superiority. The ethics and psychology of Miss Monroe may not be profound, but they run pretty evenly with the plain human facts, and their implications are not quite all on the surface.

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY. Edited by *Allen Johnson*. Volume II. Scribner's.

LINKS BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND THE LAW. By the *Right Hon. Sir Dunbar Plunket Barton*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4.00.

AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH DESCRIPTION. By *Gertrude Stein*. London: The Seizin Press. $2.65.

PINDAR'S ODES OF VICTORY. A translation into English verse by *C. J. Billson*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

WILLIAM CONGREVE. A Conversation Between Swift and Gay. By *Bonamy Dobrée*. Seattle, Wash: Number 26 University of Washington Chapbooks.

POLITICAL THOUGHT OF ROGER WILLIAMS. Seattle, Wash: University of Washington Press.

Biography

SUSAN B. ANTHONY. The Woman Who Changed the Mind of a Nation. By RHETA CHILDE DORR. Stokes. 1928. $5.

Mrs. Dorr has had no dearth of material to contend with in the preparation of her life of Susan B. Anthony. The copious "History of the Woman's Party" is also a history of Miss Anthony's activities over a period of fifty-three years, and was compiled by Miss Anthony herself, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Ida Husted Harper, and Matilda Jocelyn Gage. As early as 1898 Ida Husted Harper published the first two volumes of her very full biography, and a third volume was added immediately after Miss Anthony's death. These are all excellent sources, but they lack sufficient distance from the subject to give the perspective which the passage of time has now automatically made possible. Yet there are no iconoclastic tendencies in Rheta Childe Dorr's biography of this "Woman Who Changed the Mind of a Nation." Mrs. Dorr is emphatically and at all times "for" Susan B. Anthony. She has profited by the contemporary biographical method in intimacy of approach and detail to give an air of objectivity to a really partisan biography. The book is essentially the "story" of the great feminist, fictional in treatment despite all its brave array of facts.

The contradictory and colorful background against which the battle of feminism was fought furnishes a set to delight the heart of any biographer. Victoria Woodhull flashes cometlike across the votes-for-women sky, poor little Lib Fulton tells Miss Anthony all about Henry Ward Beecher, and the lavender-gloved Charles Francis Train appears on a Kansas platform. A list of all the persons whose lives in some way touched that of Miss Anthony would be the complete list of people of importance of her day. Mrs. Dorr has here made good use of her opportunity; she has not written a great biography, but she has written a very readable one. The chronology is decidedly obscure at times, the author's opinions occasionally project themselves into those of her heroine, and members of the movement who worked with Miss Anthony find fault with several of the dates; nevertheless, Susan B. Anthony becomes a person in these pages.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OUSÂMA. By *Ousâma Ibn Mounkidh*. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by *George Richard Potter*. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

LOUIS XIV IN LOVE AND IN WAR. By *Sisley Huddleston*. Harper. $4.

THEODORE N. VAIL. By *Albert Bigelow Paine*. Harper. $4.

BOLIVAR THE LIBERATOR. By *Michel Vaucaire* Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

MY LIFE EAST AND WEST. The Life Story of *William S. Hart*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4.

EMMA WILLARD, DAUGHTER OF DEMOCRACY. By *Alma Lutz*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4.

STRESEMANN THE MAN AND THE STATESMAN. By *Rochus Baron von Rheinbaben*. Translated from the German by *Cyrus Brooks* and *Hans Herzl*. Appleton. $3.

Fiction

THE BRIDE ADORNED. By D. L. MURRAY. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $2.50.

This novel adheres to all the traditional requirements of the historical romance; it concerns a love story, intrinsically simple enough, but set upon by a host of interferences in the shape of religious differences, political strife, and jealous intrigues. What gives the story a modicum of distinction is the intensity of the author's feeling for Rome—that city, which at the end of the period of conflict he describes—the late nineteenth century which saw the end of Papal dominion over the state—emerged "as a bride adorned" and entered into a time of peace. The love of Angela Craven and the Count Ursi Camillo kept pace with the moods of Rome, for the causes which divided the Romans also divided the lovers. When quiet restores them to each other, their experiences slip readily from the reader's mind, but the Rome they lived in is not so easily forgotten. Mr. Murray has given a vigorous interpretation of a particular epoch, and at the same time made real the aspects of the city which have endured.

GOLD DUST. By EDWARD HOLSTIUS. Duffield. 1929. $2.

The trouble with this first novel is that it lets us down. Starting to be a pleasant tale of clubs in London and week-ends in the country, of gaiety and romantic adventure, it quite unforgivably goes tragic. Mr. Holstius should know, even though "Gold Dust" is his first story, that no reader will stand being cheated. The first chapters, and many others off and on, are almost Wodehousian in their well-bred good humor, their careless romance. From the time that the teller of the story, young George Trafford, saves the mysterious Shirley from being arrested for illegal parking on Bond Street, until we really see what is going on between Jean and the not wholly convincing cad, George Danecourt, we never suspect that we are to be asked for any genuine emotional response to the novel. But soon there is real trouble, and we are put into the awkward position of having to take the characters seriously.

Nevertheless, we manage to enjoy Trafford's adventure of working in the city, and we are even tolerant when Mr. Holstius takes Trafford on a completely phoney business trip to the United States. But the last two chapters completely spoil our pleasure. How in the name of all good sense did those last chapters get written? Can it have been that the author was following the pattern of life rather than the pattern of art?

WILLOW AND CYPRESS. By CATHERINE VERSCHOYLE. Longmans, Green. 1929. $2.

To interest one's self in this book one must be a woman and a patient one. Bridget Wentworth is an ordinarily sensitive young creature whom the author would have us believe unusual; she passes through a dreary childhood and eventually marries a most preposterous young man. Her father and her mother die and the preposterous young man deserts her. In the midst of her grief she walks out into the woods one day, beholds the willow trees and the cypress, hears a thrush singing, and suddenly realizes the smallness of human woes. From then she goes forward—the implication is forever—in peace. This is indeed being snubbed for one's pains. What is best in the story is borrowed from convention. The rest is sheer artificiality.

SHACKLES OF THE FREE. By MARY GRACE ASHTON. Stokes. 1929. $2.50.

The paradoxical title stamps this novel as the didactic and pretentious book it is. The author has a *flair* for the discovery of general truths, but she is naively over-impressed with them and instead of insinuating them slyly into her story she has quite brazenly exploited them on every page, and openly begged her audience to read and learn. Her novel, a tale whose lost complications are heightened by a religious issue, is accordingly cumbersome and its characters suffocated with ideas. Numerous characters shackled to a confusing variety of shifting passions grope their circuitous way through a plot revealing a complicated assortment of interrelations. Simple fiction of style and theme would have made for more artistic work.

(*Continued on next page*)

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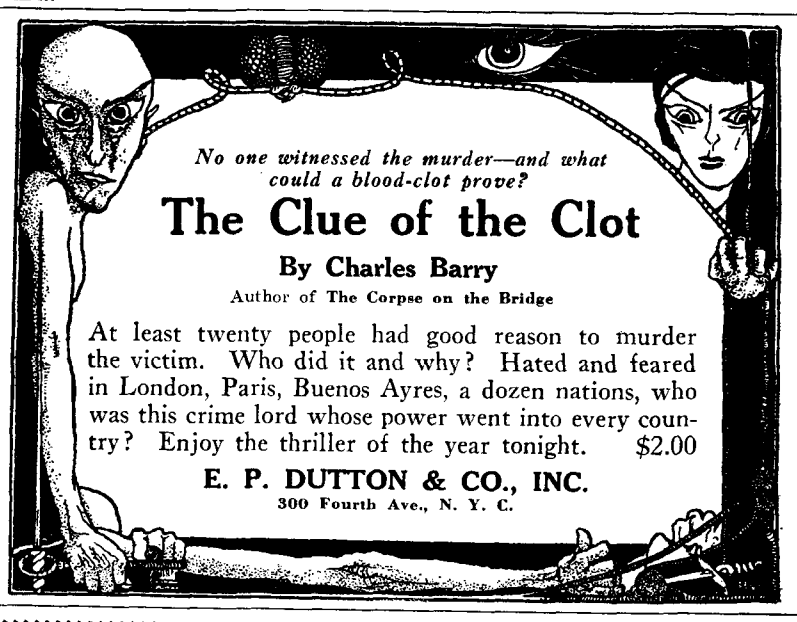
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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE MOON IS MADE OF GREEN CHEESE. By SARAH COMSTOCK. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

Once there were two astronomers: one was good and worked hard, becoming head of a great observatory and winning an international astronomical prize; the other was bad and selfish, after a promising youth ending up with a cheap telescope that he carried every clear evening to Union Square, where the curious paid him a dime for a squint at the heavens. That is the plot, if one is generous enough to call a mere contrast in personality a plot, of Miss Comstock's slightly pretentious story. Though occasionally there are bits of vivid writing, and though the astronomical background is both unusual and believable, it is all pretty thin stuff. Miss Comstock evidently hoped that her juxtaposition of success and failure could be built up into a substantial novel. The affair does not come off, however; it merely stagnates and becomes a little silly. One's final comment seems to be, "Is *that* all?"

PALE WARRIORS. By DAVID HAMILTON. Scribners. 1929. $2.50.

This Beatrice of "Pale Warriors" comes of a long, if not honorable, line of enthrallers. One remembers the congested condition of Circe's island, the hillside of Keats's lady without mercy whitened by pale kings and princes, too,—and where could one step in Oxford, during Zuleika Dobson's reign, without fear of crushing a suitor? If these ladies outdid Beatrice somewhat in the number of their followers, no one of them could demand more in the matter of faithfulness. Once a Beatrician always a Beatrician might be the battle cry of these particular warriors.

David Hamilton has written his gay, ironical novel with sufficient lightness to keep it always amusing and with sufficient reticence to keep it intriguing. Beatrice breaks all the moral laws, but, because Mr. Hamilton breaks none of the stylistic ones, a pleasantly perverse decorum is preserved. [illegible] person as Beatrice could possibly [illegible]d yet she does. And if she did [illegible] one could possibly continue to be [illegible]l by her after knowing her a few [illegible]d yet one is. "Pale Warriors" is a highly immoral book because, while one may admire the many good people in it, he immensely prefers the bad one.

THE MOUNTAIN TAVERN. By *Liam O'Flaherty*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

THE KING WHO WAS A KING. By *H. G. Wells*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

THE CALL WITHIN. By *Boris Dimondstein*. New York: Bee Dee Publishing Co. $2.00.

TIDES. By *Count Edward von Keyserling*. Macaulay. $2.50.

POOR WOMAN! By *Norah Hoult*. Harper. $2.50.

THE PATH OF GLORY. By *George Blake*. Harper. $2.50.

THE GOLDEN ALTAR. By *Joan Sutherland*. Harper. $2.00.

NO LOVE. By *David Garnett*. Knopf. $2.50.

THE SPITE FENCE. By *Emma Speed Sampson*. New York: The Reilly & Lee Co. $2.00.

A HUMBLE LEAR. By *Lorna Doone Beers*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY. By *A. C.* and *Carmen Edington*. New York: Reilly & Lee Co.

DARK WEATHER. By *Marguerite E. Baldwin*. Dutton. $2.50.

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS. By *Edwin Justus Mayer*. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

SCHOOLGIRL. By *Carmen Barnes*. Horace Liveright. $2.

THE BACCARAT CLUB. By *Jessie Louisa Rickard*. Horace Liveright. $2.

THE STRANGE CASE OF JOHN R. GRAHAM. By *Victor Kutchin*. Dean. $2.

A SAGA OF THE SWORD. By *F. Britten Austin*. Macmillan. $2.50.

ATTILA. By *Paolo Ettore Santangelo*. Crowell. $2.

HARDWARE. By *Edward L. McKenna*. McBride. $2.50.

MIXED BAGS. By *S. C. Westerham*. McBride. $2.

THE GREAT PERMANENCE. By *Graham Sutton*. McBride. $2.50.

YOUNG WOODLEY. By *John Van Druten*. Day. $2.

AS FAR AS JANE'S GRANDMOTHER'S. By *Edith Olivier*. Viking. $2.50.

RHINESTONES. By *Margaret Widdemer*. Hartcourt, Brace. $2.

SKIPPY. By *Percy Crosby*. Putnams.

GINGER AND SPEED. By *Ethel Hueston*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

SHORT STORIES. By *Kay Boyle*. Paris: Black Sun Press.

THE JADE NECKLACE. By *Pemberton Gunther*. Macrae-Smith. $1.75.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

TIMOTHY TRAVELS. By DAISY NEUMANN. Coward-McCann. 1928. $2.50.

This book has the right idea and should be welcomed among a new and growing class of readable travel-books for children; but one wishes it were just a little better or that the first half were as good as the last. The author does not discriminate between the commonplace and the valuable; everything that is done and said is not worth recounting just because it happens abroad. Elimination is needed, at least in the first half of the book; and the space might sometimes be filled by a little more vigorous and generous account of places and their associations, without overstepping the margin of safety for interesting reading,—unless the author wishes to limit her audience to younger children. But this would seem a pity, for her material is good.

The latter part of the book, the account of a gypsyish expedition from Nuremberg to Heidelberg, with a horse and cart and dog, is a bit of real wandering life and adventure, very successful, not too out-of-the-ordinary for other children to imitate if they have mothers as unworrying as the two in this book. Leading up to this interlude is a journey by char-a-banc from Nice north through Grenoble into Switzerland, and following it is a sail down the Rhine, and then the close of the trip (including a graphic airplane passage) out through the Netherlands to sail home from Rotterdam.

The style is natural and conversational, and the author's illustrations, while fairly simple as sketches, have a great deal of atmosphere and add very much to the value of the pages, much more than photographs would have done. Publisher or editor should, however, weed out such expressions as "We had as well make friends" and "One would never think it were stone" if parents interested in their children's English are to be won to the book.

WHERE WAS BOBBY? By MARGUERITE CLÉMENT. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

A "Mechano" toy enables a child to handle squares and triangles according to the realities of physical laws. Here is a book which, just as truly, enables a child's imagination to handle a picture of real life. Children will react to truths, whether physical or psychological, long before they can understand a verbal explanation of them. It delights a child to realize from his own experience that a structure will topple over if it is not balanced. Likewise it will delight him to understand, in reading this book, how a very disappointed child may very naturally think of a wicked thing to do, and that everyone lives with some things that make him unhappy, mixed in with the things that make him happy. Miss Clément makes these truths apparent in a simple story for children, for she walks with a quick, short step upon solid ground. She has caught the spirit of crisp newness peculiar to children who, whatever their experiences, are feeling them for the first time.

The story, full of the tragedy and comedy produced by the loss and recovery of a dog, is an exciting story, quite free from forced climaxes and unnatural perfection. It is about a little French boy, a little French girl, a clock, a lovable foolish dog, and a cat with a sarcastic expression, whose characteristics are enhanced on the pages by charming illustrations.

One proof of the excellence of the book is the fact that, though it is a story for children up to seven years, it would not make dull reading for anyone up to seventy-seven years.

A BOYS' AND GIRLS' LIFE OF CHRIST. By J. PATTERSON-SMITH. Revell. 1929. $2.50.

This new life of Christ by the author of the "People's Life of Christ" is admirably suited to the audiences for which it is intended—boys and girls from eight to twelve or thereabouts, provided only that their parents wish them to be introduced to the Gospel story from the very orthodox Episcopal point of view. Though not following the Bible text closely, the material is freshly and interestingly presented in good simplified English with very evident sincerity and enthusiasm; but here we have no attempt to smooth over the supernatural elements or explain the oriental imagery as in the more modern books of religion. The beauty and the mystical elements of the life of Christ are the things stressed.

(*Continued on page 1061*)

The Compleat Collector.

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Limited Editions Club

TO those of us who are interested in fine printing it has long been apparent that something would happen to the printing of limited editions, though whether that something was to be a complete revulsion of feeling which would eliminate such work very largely, or whether the spectacular and the very costly limited edition would hold the field, no one could see. What has happened is typical of America in the speed with which it has come about and the "mass production" ideals which underlie it. The use of mass production in the printing of limited edition books may seem a misnomer, but there is a very widespread interest in printing which has never existed before, and what would have seemed like mass production a few years ago even, is perhaps only a reasonable number.

The plans which are now in process of being worked out are not far removed from the Book-of-the-Month Club idea which has proved so successful not only in its original form but in several other somewhat similar organizations. The two schemes just announced have something in common and some differences. But they both attempt to make the limited edition more widely circulated by means of subscriptions for longer or shorter time, and they make their appeal to the average reader by offering the more readable and popular of books —but books worth printing well, nevertheless.

The first announcement to come in (though having a lead of only a few weeks on its rival) is that of the "Anderson Books," put out by Carl J. H. Anderson of Philadelphia, in collaboration with the Franklin Printing Co. of that city. In brief his plan is to offer books of the limited edition sort, printed by the Franklin company, but sometimes from designs by well-known designers, in unlimited editions at a fixed price per volume of $5.50. He hopes to attain a circulation of ten thousand copies. Subscribers obligate themselves to take six books a year, the volumes being issued bimonthly. Already "in production" for the first year are "Treasure Island," "Knickerbocker History of New York," "Tristram Shandy" (with designs by W. D. Teague), and "Toilers of the Sea." The list of projected books is catholic and on the whole inclusive of many books which ought to be well printed. The inclusion of such classic names as Dickens or Harte or Kipling is encouraging: the editions of many of the "standard" writers which can be bought at the book stores are really pretty terrible (for instance, last Christmas I wanted Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," and there isn't a creditable printing of it available!) and if well printed volumes can be had for $5.50 it is a boon. It is too bad that Mr. Anderson felt it necessary to write his prospectus in the breathless *argot* of the advertising agency: his scheme is an admirable one, and deserves to succeed.

The second announcement comes from The Limited Editions Club, planned by Mr. George Macy. Its plan of operation includes a book a month at an expense of $10 (or $108 for the year if paid in advance). Its books will be designed by leading book designers and printed at various presses where good work is done, and later on it is proposed to include work from foreign presses.

The Limited Editions Club's list of books is impressive: there is a "Robinson Crusoe" illustrated by E. A. Wilson and printed by the Grabhorns, La Fontaine's "Fables" illustrated by Ruzicka and printed by Updike. "Baron Munchausen" illustrated by John Held, Jr., and printed by Kittredge, "Rip Van Winkle" printed by Goudy, Poe's "Arthur Gordon Pym," illustrated by Rene Clarke and printed by Nash, the Decameron printed by Cleland, "Tartarin of Tarascon" illustrated and planned by Dwiggins and printed at the Georgian Press, "Leaves of Grass" done by Warde at Rudge's, two of Stevenson's tales illustrated by Falls and printed by Marchbanks, "Undine" illustrated by Allen Lewis and printed at the Harbor Press, Gulliver illustrated by Alexander King and printed at the Plandome Press, and "Snowbound" designed by C. P. Rollins and printed at the Yale University Press. This is really a very impressive list of titles and designers, and should set a standard warranting the title of "limited editions." Fifteen hundred copies is to be the limit of subscriptions which will be received, and while this will seem a rather high number, it remains to be seen if it is too many for ready absorption.

These two programmes are interesting in many ways. In the first place the selection of books to be printed is broad and attractive: the old familiar "rounders" of the private presses are amply supplemented by less hackneyed issues. Secondly, the more legitimate purpose of a limited issue, that is, the providing of works of beauty and durability would seem to be met. (The questionable purpose, that of increase in market value due to limited number of copies, is partially at least negatived.) Thirdly, the purchaser would be assured of getting his money's worth, and that he frequently does not get either in a "trade" or a limited edition book. R.

IT may perhaps be the weather, or the fact that all the interesting books seem at present to be hopelessly lost in a few private libraries, but nothing recently has been worth much attention. The Henry Sotheran, Ltd., catalogue 814, devoted to books on the topography and archæology, genealogy, and heraldry, of Great Britain and Ireland, has a most graceful dedication to Mr. Gabriel Wells, signed by J. H. Stonehouse, the present managing director, in which he expresses his grateful recognition of "Mr. Well's action in coming forward, and finding the capital necessary . . . [to] enable me to form a private Company so as to keep the staff together, and to carry on the business as heretofore"; the catalogue itself is thorough and well-done, but very few persons might be expected to find its pages exciting. Maggs followed a volume of 449 pages and an index, dealing with English Verse and Dramatic Poetry from Chaucer to the present day, arranged chronologically (catalogue number 517), with a somewhat shorter work on general literature, art, biography, history, voyages, and travels, that would have exhausted in itself any other firm. It cannot be said too often that collectors who receive these catalogues regularly have within reach an unfailing source of information and entertainment of the best kind. The John and Edward Bumpus "Spring 1929" catalogue is First Editions of Modern Authors (it is unnecessary to remark that Kipling, Stevenson, Wells, and Oscar Wilde are all present); the Frank Hollings number 161 deals with the same group, and includes private press offerings, placed conveniently at the beginning; the R. Fletcher, Ltd., number 41 borders on the sensational by putting in Wilkie Collins and William DeMorgan in large numbers, as well as several of the lesser known Trollopes; and the Bernard Halliday number 108 quietly and systematically goes through the field of human knowledge, omitting almost no subject.

Of the American dealers' catalogues, there is little to say,—a few, notably those issued by Mr. Edgar H. Wells and James F. Drake, possess consistently individuality and genuine distinction, but for the most part, the others belong either to the check-list school, or to that far worse class who hope, by means of overdescription, to impress the collector with the importance of dull books. This probably is unfair; within the last year Mr. Lathrop C. Harper has added another section to his extraordinary work on Incunabula, while both the Brick Row and Alwin J. Scheuer have brought out work of remarkably good quality. But because there is so much similarity in the type of book offered by the majority of dealers, the reader has to feel some particular reason for giving his time to repetitions of the obvious;

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he cannot, every week, experience the fine glow of enthusiasm about Americana, local histories, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Mr. Bruce Rogers that the catalogue-makers anticipate unless they, on their part, make their work distinctive. And this, of course, is the most difficult of all labors, since it involves so much that has to be inherent in the writers themselves—with advertising sales-talks on all sides, they might profitably read the *Publishers' Weekly* incessantly, and observe the splendid results that undoubtedly will follow in time, if they are willing to curb their personalities within the limits of dignity and good taste.

G. M. T.

GOLDEN COCKEREL BOOKS

THE Golden Cockerel Press is located at Waltham Saint Lawrence, Berkshire, and is owned by Mr. Robert Gibbings. It was founded as a "village industry" in a country which still, thank God, can think of such enterprises, and where village life does not mean that complete provincialism in art and letters which it means in other countries. Four recent issues of the Press are at hand: "The Twelve Moneths," by Nicholas Brown (500 copies); "The Chester Play of the Deluge," edited by J. Isaacs (275 copies); "Micro-Cosmographie," by John Earle (400 copies), and "Abd-er-Rhaman in Paradise," by Jules Tellier (400 copies).

While all four of the volumes are set in Caslon type (which the Press uses mainly), format differs considerably in each: two are twelve-mos, and the Chester Play is a large quarto set in two columns. Three of the books are illustrated with wood blocks, by Paul Nash, Eric Ravilious, and David Jones; those of David Jones in the Chester Play suffering from poor impressions. In general, the presswork is good, being firm and black. The paper is English hand-made. The type-setting is to my mind admirable, although persons who do not like close spacing will disagree. But the effect of the page full of type (and that so good a face as the Caslon Old Style) is close-knit, full of the delight of good craftsmanship. "The Twelve Moneths," to be sure, is set in that debased form of Caslon with stunted descenders, which somewhat mars the effect of the good workmanship otherwise.

The four titles represented here show the miscellaneous character of the work of the Golden Cockerel Press, which has adhered to no set plan in the selection of books to be printed. Classics and modern work share in the list. The work of several engravers on wood has been used, and here is one of the reasons why the Press's books are worth having. To be able to illustrate a book with the handiwork of a wood engraver is to adhere to the very best of traditions in book-making. Such first-hand, authentic methods of picturing are to the photo-mechanical processes with which our American books are cumbered as the work of flesh and blood actors are to the motion pictures, or as humor is to the comic strip. I wish there were more such virile and independent small presses in this country. R.

MR. JOHN HENRY NASH, in an elaborate prospectus done in his best style, "announces the publication in four folio volumes of the comedy of Dante Alighieri of Florence, commonly called the Divine Comedy. A line-for-line translation in the rime-form of the original by Melville Best Anderson." The edition is to be limited to 250 numbered copies, of which 230 will be for sale at $200 the set. R.

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THE first number of the *Realist*, a journal of scientific humanism, lists among its contributors both the *Huxleys*, *Arnold Bennett*, *Ernest Newman* and *Robert Nichols*, among many others. The cover of the magazine looks something like the cover of the *Forum* before it went into its larger size. . . .

Lewis Browne, author of "This Believing World" and "The Graphic Bible," has finally decided, after having resided pretty much all over everywhere, to settle at Santa Monica, California. He is building a house there modeled after one in which he once lived in Galilee. He is also hard at work upon an historical novel which Macmillan will publish in the Fall. . . .

The John Day Compapy has announced that the novel, "Reporter," by *Meyer Levin* has been withdrawn from publication. No copies of the book were to be sold by the publishers after May ninth. . . .

"Sleeveless Errand," (and now we know it is published over here by William Morrow and Company) has just come to our desk, although it will not be published until June sixth. We have received already conflicting reports upon *Norah C. James's* novel. So we shall take it away for the week-end. . . .

The Westgate Press of 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, has sent us their first announcement of the Westgate Signed Editions. Each title is limited to five hundred copies, with the typography of the Grabhorn Press. The first volume, to be published June 1st, is "American Taste" by *Lewis Mumford*, while announced for early publication are "Nearer the Grass Roots," by *Sherwood Anderson*, "Winter Wheat," by *Wilbur Daniel Steele*, "Marriage Today and Tomorrow," by *Havelock Ellis*, "An Irritating Archangel," by *Thomas Beer*, and "The Gargoyle," by *Frank Swinnerton*. . . .

Today, Dean and Company publishes a comprehensive anthology of American poetry covering the period from 1788 to 1928, and containing also a biographical dictionary of American poets, all under the title, "The Book of American Poetry." . . .

Richard Johns informs us that he intends to bring out a quarterly magazine entitled *Pagany*, beginning with January, 1930. He wants any authors of fiction, criticism, and poetry seriously conceived to have the advance information in case they have manuscript to submit to him at 94 Revere Street, Boston, Massachusetts. . . .

The publication of *Joseph Delteil's* surrealiste novel, "On the River Amour," has been postponed to July fourteenth, announce Covici-Friede, due to delay in receiving the drawings done for it by the artist Alexeieff. But said drawings, they say, are remarkable. The book, by the way, is said to be "the weirdest novel ever written," and the dedication reads, "To Mamma, to the Virgin Mary, and to General Bonaparte." . . .

Mazo de la Roche, the author of "Jalna," and her sister are visiting Europe for the first time and have been at Taormina, Sicily. In September will appear another volume concerned with the startling family at Jalna, to be called "Whiteoaks of Jalna." . . . .

Now that Hoboken is such a Mecca seems an appropriate time to print this poem of *Sylvia Satan's*, which has languished in our desk drawer since the early Renaissance,—or thereabouts:

JERSEY LIGHTS

Around the cities' golden-bubbled brim
Rivers of seething light stream and entwine,
And bright-foamed eddies on the highway's rim
Distil upon the night a sparkling wine.

From far-off hills the graven cup of thought
Dips down unto festooned and trellised brink,
But luminous pools like this have only brought
Sharp, sparkling sting to lips untrained to drink.

To all that scintillant froth, that gold-brewed whirl
Of city wine-press bring the Thirst not nigh,
For on the rippling incandescent swirl
The circling beads are hollow-spun and dry.
Though mind dips down unto the liquid light
And pours libation from the lucid spark,
Take from the welling rivers of the night
Deeper assuagement from the vital Dark.

We quote in part the following editorial from *The Gaelic American* (New York City): "The project to establish a Gaelic Room in the New York Public Library has already interested a great number of people of Irish blood. When it is considered that a Gaelic center would bring before Americans of all races the achievements of the Irish in every field of human endeavor its importance can hardly be overestimated. . . .

"Up to the present time there is no center in New York where Irish manuscripts or rare Irish books are displayed or catalogued. True there is a limited number of books in the New York Library, but they only form a small part of the number of books that should be available for reading, study, or research purposes. . . .

"The securing of a Gaelic Room has been taken up by the United Irish-American Societies of New York, and a committee has been appointed to confer with the Director of the Public Library. Already an interview with the head of the New York Public Library has resulted in making inquiries in regard to the number of Gaelic books available for the Library. The committee has made some inquiries and has ascertained that there are at the very lowest estimate about 6,000 volumes in Irish. This does not include the numerous manuscripts which are lying in museums and libraries in Ireland and all over Europe, unpublished and unedited. . . .

"The establishment of a Gaelic Room in the New York Library would do a great deal to familiarize the American scholar with the achievements of the Irish and all the Celtic peoples. Perhaps some day Dr. Joseph Dunn's conceptions of a Celtic Institute may be realized, not alone in New York, but also in every large city throughout the United States."

We hear great things of "The Path of Glory," published by Harpers and written by *George Blake*, the story of a Private Ortheris sort of man who joins for the Great War, goes through his hell, inarticulate and dumb and driven, and meets his fate at Gallipoli. A stark story, shot with pity, a great war book, we are told. The main character is a Highland Scot, which is not so strange in that Mr. Blake himself was reared in the Highlands, being born a Scotchman. He is now in his middle thirties, pugnacious and popular, a London journalist, and the editor of *John O' London's Weekly*. In the war he wore a kilt and himself fought at Gallipoli; so his is first-hand evidence. . . .

Will Cuppy recently accused the Crime Club's Mastermind of giving the horse laugh to one Crime Club success in order to boost another. In part, Mastermind thereto replied:

You ought to know, too, Will Cuppy, that I wouldn't want to give you or any other famous expert the horse-laugh. Down here we're crazy about famous experts because they're always saying such nice things about Crime Club books, and I give you my word we haven't had a horse-laugh since we ran an ad. recommending "Footprints" for the Pulitzer Prize as well as the Scotland Yard prize, thereby getting in all wrong with the firm on the grounds of dignity, until four famous expert reviewers got the idea and said why not give the Pulitzer Prize to "Footprints," thereby probably so offending *Professor Burton* that he sprang the famous Pulitzer Prize Leak in time to justify the extra advertising appropriation that the advertising manager of the Macmillan Co. probably had such trouble to get out of the treasurer. This should make clear the stand the Crime Club has taken on horse-laughs.

Whether or no Mr. Cuppy is instituting suit, we don't know. We don't think so. . . .

Which reminds us that we need a new Spring suit, so we are off to purchase one. We can do no less than the average man would do under the circumstances.

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page* 1058)

THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A HORSE. By *Lieut. Col. Geoffrey Brooke.* Phila: J. B. Lippincott Co. $7.

SPANISH AND ENGLISH COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE. By *Venancio Perez* and *Ricardo Ferrer.* English Version by *R. B. Caldwell.* Appleton. $3.

AS WE ARE. By *Victor de Kubinyi.* Stokes. $2.50.

INTRODUCTION TO AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS. By *Fred R. Yoder.* Crowell. $3.

CHARM, ENTHUSIASM, AND ORIGINALITY. By *William Sune.* Los Angeles: Elan Publishing Co., 3902 West Sixth St. $2.

HINTS ON HORSEMANSHIP. By *Lieut. Col. M. F. McTaggart.* Lippincott. $2.50 net.

ROPE AND FAGGOT. By *Walter White.* Knopf. $3.

THE ELIZABETHAN JIG. By *Charles Read Baskerville.* University of Chicago Press. $5.

THE "POW-WOW" BOOK. By *A. Monroe Aurand, Jr.* Harrisburg: Aurand Press.

THE FACTS OF MODERN MEDICINE. By *Francis W. Palfrey, M. D.* Appleton.

CHRISTIAN AND JEW. Edited *by Isaac Landman.* Liveright. $3.

THE STRUGGLE FOR HEALTH. By *Richard Hoffmann, M. D.* Liveright. $3.50.

EXECUTIVES' BUSINESS LAW. By *Harry A. Toulmin.* Nostrand $6.

SELECTIONS FROM LENIN. International. $1.25.

THE CASE OF MISS R. By *Alfred Adler.* Greenberg. $3.50.

BRIDGE FOR ADVANCED PLAYERS. By *R. F. Foster.* Greenberg. $2.50.

THE ART OF LIFE. Selections from the Works of Havelock Ellis. Selected and arranged by *Miss S. Herbert.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

BUSINESS AND IDEALS. New York: The Inquiry, 129 East 59th St.

THE TRIUMPHANT MACHINE. By *R. M. Fox.* London: Hogarth Press.

MUSIC IN INDUSTRY. By *Kenneth S. Clark,* New York: National Bureau for the Advancement of Music.

PRIMITIVE BELIEF IN THE NORTH-EAST OF SCOTLAND. By *J. M. McPherson.* Longmans, Green. $5.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE MUSIC OF R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS. By *A. E. F. Dickinson.* Oxford University Press. 75 cents.

YOU AND THE DOCTOR. By *John B. Hawes,* 2ND. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

POLITICAL HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD. Edited by *Malcolm W. Davis* and *Walter H. Mallory.* Yale University Press.

THE READING INTERESTS AND HABITS OF ADULTS. By *William S. Gray* and *Ruth Monroe.* Macmillan. $3.50.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *Mary Hallowell Perkins.* Badger.

WHY WE DO IT. By *Ed. Wolff.* Macaulay. $2.50.

AMERICA'S NAVAL CHALLENGER. By *Frederick Moore.* Macmillan. $1.50.

Religion

SAINT PAUL. By EMILE BAUMANN. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1929. $3.50.

Baumann aspires to do for St. Paul what Papini did for the story of Jesus. The process is not mysterious. It consists of the violent rejection of all the attempts of critical scholarship to write history in order to retain and if possible enhance the dramatic effects of story. Acts tells a dramatic story, wherein the supernatural supplies the climax. The historical critic endeavors to bring this into intelligible relation to the Epistles. Result, loss of dramatic effect. For effective story, reject the statements of Paul, heighten the colors of Acts by pictorial use of archæology. Paul refers to heartrending inward tension as unconsciously leading to his religious revolt. Acts ascribes all to supernatural intervention. Ergo, reject Paul, ardently affirm Acts. In spite of Gal. 1:18-24 Paul did begin his missionary career at Jerusalem under direction of the Apostles. "The simultaneity of the two visions (of Acts 9:12) shows"—not that we are reading an oriental story based on the conception that by the opening of the inward eye any number of individuals may 'see' what is happening elsewhere, but—"that they really did come from on high." For the construction of miracle plays and edifying stories the work of Papini and Baumann is preferable. For history that of the historical critics.

UNRAVELLING THE BOOK OF BOOKS Being the Story of how the Puzzles of the Bible were solved and its Documents unravelled. By ERNEST R. TRATTNIR. New York: Scribner's. 1929. $2.75.

Cheyne hardly succeeded in making a romance out of his "Founders of Old Testament Criticism." Nash's "History of the Higher Criticism" did not become a "best seller." Trattner has far less learning than either, but a more kindling interest in the story as such. The style is "colloquial" even to the favorite "newspaporial" spelling Pharoah (sic) for the title of Egyptian monarchs; but the story is well worth telling and in spite of minor defects is really well told.

THE SCANDAL OF CHRISTIANITY. By *Peter Ainslie.* Willett, Clark, & Colby. $2.

OUR RECOVERY OF JESUS. By *Walter E. Bundy.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

MIRACLES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. By *Johannes Herolt, called Discipulus.* Translated from the Latin by *C. C. Swinton Bland.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.

THEY KNEW JESUS. By *Edwin Moore Martin.* Funk & Wagnalls. $2.50.

TONGUES OF FIRE. Compiled by *Grace H. Turnbull.* Macmillan. $3.50.

THE GOSPEL MESSAGE IN GREAT POEMS. By *Walter R. Gobrecht.* Funk & Wagnalls. $2.

Science

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE MICROBES. By WILLIAM H. PARK and ANNA W. WILLIAMS. Century. 1929. $3.

The general acceptance of the germ theory of disease has wrought such a change in the daily conduct of our lives that few of the younger generation can realize how much fear was experienced by an older generation of the terribly dangerous sewer gas and night air laden with poison. Infants died of membranous croup in those days, and diphtheria was always produced by the breathing of sewer gas in spite of the general good health of plumbers. The advance of sanitary science and hygiene has made a general knowledge of germs highly important to all members of communities which have to pass judgment upon a great variety of hygienic measures, such as the purification of water supplies and the providing of uncontaminated food supplies.

"Who's Who Among the Microbes" introduces the general reader to representatives of the principal groups of microbes in such a pleasant way that it is difficult to put the book down. It is particularly free from the technical language of a text-book as well as from the "froth" which is so often found in definitely popular expositions.

The authors write with authority. They are directors of the Bureau of Laboratories of the New York City Department of Health and are the discoverers of the Park-Williams diphtheria bacillus No. 8 which is now used almost universally in preparing diphtheria toxin. In Dr. Park's laboratory the first diphtheria and tetanus antitoxins were made in this country. Time and again the authors refer naturally and casually to important pieces of work done under their direction.

In addition to the chapters devoted to the several groups of microbes, there are discussions of methods of studying bacteria such as by cultivation on different media, by inoculation in both normal and immunized animals, and by staining. There is an excellent summary in conclusion on the Use of Acquaintance with Microbes.

In a word, this is a most satisfactory and useful exposition of a scientific field which touches the lives of all dwellers in modern communities.

Travel

PEOPLE AND PLACES. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $3.

Mr. Goldring travels with a happy and observant eye. As a consequence his chronicles are more often than not amusing—certainly they are when they deal with out-of-the-way places, with Mallorca of the Balearic Islands, with Faisrien in France. Faisrien (*l'abri du pecheur*) is really a refuge of but little wickedness; but through Douglas Goldring's well-chosen vocabulary it becomes a delightfully sinful hang-out of disappointed artists, people out of step with the great world, who have at long last succeeded in making a habitable world of their own.

Then one is led to Brittany, the Riviera, Italy, Scandinavia, and—the United States of America. Goldring candidly tells us that he came here hopefully, and departed with a dark brown taste in his mouth: he had not become a celebrity as had some of his less illustrious predecessors. But he has not permitted this to jaundice the happy and observant eye. "New York is not America," he shouts, with the spell of Ford Madox Ford, whom, it would seem, he idolizes, upon him. No, but New York is a wonderful city, a great city—except that it has too much money and not enough intelligence. . . . Mr. Goldring's reaction to America is comparable with the reactions of many of his compatriots.

"People and Places" has to do with interesting people, and with places which, at any rate, are made to appear interesting. And now—what next?—So has our author most startlingly concluded his book.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

L. W., Farmville, Va., asks for advice on planning a club's reading of continental fiction.

FOR the meeting of the Indiana Library Association of 1927 I prepared a list of standard titles of contemporary literature in English translations, and have been sending out the little blue pamphlet in which they printed it, in response to questions like this from readers. My supply is now exhausted, and clubs or readers interested in translations may apply to the Indiana Library Association (or I suppose the admirable Public Library at Indianapolis would have it somewhere about the place) for copies at five cents each. Since its appearance such important works as Feuchtwanger's "The Ugly Duchess" (Viking), Salten's "Bambi" (Simon), Oskar Graf's "Prisoners All" (Knopf), Alfred Neumann's "The Devil" (Knopf), and the indispensable "Case of Sergeant Grischa" (Viking) have been added to the German list; Alain Fournier's "The Wanderer" (Houghton) and André Chamson's "The Road" (Scribner), Marcel Schwob's classic "The Book of Monelle" (Bobbs), Anatole France's "Rabelais" (Holt), Henri Beraud's "Twelve Portraits of the French Revolution" (Little), Maurois's "Disraeli" (Appleton), and his sly satire "A Voyage to the Articoles" (Appleton) to the French; several Ibañezes, a Baroja, and Larreta's "The Glory of Don Ramiro" (Dutton) to the Spanish; Pirandello's two-volume novel "The Old and the Young" (Dutton) and a volume of his "One-act Plays" (Dutton), also the mighty sophisticated "Mimi Bluette" of Guido Da Verona, to the Italian, while on the Scandinavian list the completion of Sigrid Undset's trilogy and its publication in one volume as "Kristin Lavransdatter" (Knopf) has been followed by another set of which "The Axe" (Knopf) is the first volume, while a selection of "Denmark's Best Stories," edited by Hanna Astrup Larsen (Norton) makes an introduction to Danish fiction. One may see Spain through the eyes of a famous Danish novelist in "Days in the Sun," by Martin Anderson Nexö, just published by Coward-McCann.

I have not tried to list all the translations, or even all the important ones; the complete French list is unusually rich in biographies, and in the auhobiographies we have just had "The Intimate Journal of George Sand" (John Day), with an introduction by Marie Jenny Howe, who wrote her life for the same publisher. It includes the famous diary that George Sand sent to Musset, as she had sent her hair, to soften his hard heart. I am not one who regrets the romantic period, at least as it affected ladies in love; I even prefer them hard-boiled, as they are now, to half-baked as they seem to have been then. But it's a grand book for the student of George Sand or of human nature, especially in the later chapters of psychological autobiography.

I MUST slip in a report on inspirational reading for deep-sea divers, which I find in "On the Bottom" by Commander Edward Ellsberg, in charge of the raising of the S-51. The book is published by Dodd, Mead. You never can tell how many divers may be following this department. Commander Ellsberg, taking a brief rest in the intervals of this epic endeavor, writes: "I plunged into the story of 'Beau Geste.' . . . In a few moments I was far away from ship, storm, and submarine. In the midst of the burning African desert before Fort Zinderneuf I followed Beau Geste, and not till the mystery of the disappearance of 'Blue Water' was explained (which point I reached at 2 A. M.) did I suddenly return from Africa to my heaving bunk." So's your old book, Commander; it was just about that hour when "On the Bottom" permitted me to heave into my bunk and close an eye.

RENE WELLEK, Ph.D., Northampton, Mass., sends the needed information about the authorship of "The Pursuits of Literature" to H. C. Y., Fargo, North Dakota:

THE author, Thomas James Mathias (1754-1835) is well known to students of eighteenth-century literature. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, became one of its classical tutors, and later in his life treasurer of the Queen and librarian at Buckingham Palace. He spent the later part of his life in Italy and died in Naples.

The first dialogue of the "Pursuits" was published in 1794, the second and third in 1796, the fourth in 1797. The first complete edition is the fifth from 1798. There are sixteen editions up to 1812. Mathias is the author of many other ephemeral books as, for instance, an attack on Alexander Pope called "The Shade of Alexander Pope on the Banks of the Thames" (1799).

R. B., Chicago, asks for a list of books of value to a newspaper man, especially to a young reporter.

"GETTING and Writing News," by D. Hammond (Doubleday, Doran); "Getting the News," by W. S. Maulsby (Harcourt, Brace), the latter used also as a text-book; "News and Newswriting," one of the Home Corespondence School texts by R. W. Neal (H. C. S.); "The Writing of News," by C. G. Ross (Holt), and "Editing the Day's News," by G. C. Bastian (Macmillan), are by practical and experienced newspaper men and contain information useful to a young reporter. "Why News Is News," by C. R. Gordon, is a useful publication of the Ronald Press. "The Handbook for Newspaper Workers," by G. M. Hyde (Appleton) is a valued and popular desk-book; it has lately been published in a revised edition. "Writing and Editing for Women," by Ethel Colsoton Brazelton (Funk & Wagnalls), is enlightening for a girl who wants to get on a newspaper or earn her living by free-lancing. "The Free-Lance Writer's Handbook" (Writer) is a general compendium, covering many matters. "Adventures in Interviewing," by I. F. Marcosson (Dodd, Mead), is a galaxy of the great; books like this make young men long to grab a pencil and get out to see the world.

The list of journalist biographies and memoirs by newspapermen has grown since I last reported on it, and now includes "Behind the Scenes with a Newspaperman," by E. J. Stackpole of the *Harrisburg Telegraph* (Lippincott); "Since I Was Twenty-five," by F. V. P. Rutter (Houghton Mifflin); "The Story of the Sun," by Frank M. O'Brien (Appleton), in an enla tion; "When J. G. Bennett Was Bagdad" (Funk & Wagnalls); a the early days of the Paris *Herald* Crockett; Don G. Seitz's "The Ja don Bennetts" (Bobbs-Merrill); John K. Winkler's "Hearst, an American Phenomenon" (Simon & Schuster); Charles Hanson Towne's "Adventures in Editing" (Appleton); Fremont Older's "My Own Story" (Macmillan); "Some Newspapers and Newspapermen," by Oswald Garrison Villard (Knopf), and "Fifty Years a Journalist," by Melville E. Stone (Doubleday, Doran). Novels to be added to the newspaper fiction list include Ben Ames Williams's "Splendor" (Dutton); "Not for Publication," by Clara S. Hough (Century), the story of a city editor, his wife, and the *Pomanset Banner.* This inquirer will no doubt before this have read Ben Hecht's play, "The Front Page" (Covici-Friede); the new novel "Reporter," a story of Chicago newspaper life by Meyer Levin, of the city staff of the Chicago *Daily News* (Day), has been withdrawn from publication. Ben Hecht's "1001 Afternoons in Chicago" (and "Broken Necks") have been reissued by Covici-Friede in the original format.

KENNETH E. PLANTS, Hornell, N.Y., sends me for review a book called "What We Know about the Stock Market," saying that it embraces his fourteen years' experience in the securities business. It came in a letter, and its fair white pages, undisturbed by print, are coming in useful for shopping lists. *E. L. C., Melrose, Mass.,* in reference to a recent call for one-volume histories, sends a clipping from the *Manchester Guardian* saying that "those in want of a handy one-volume history of the United States can hardly do better than have recourse to Professor T. C. Pease's (of Illinois) 'The United States' (Bell, 16's), complete with short bibliographies and index." The correspondent is amused to find that the *Guardian* calls it "frankly 'American,' but none the worse for being the vehicle for the expression of frank, well-reasoned opinion." *A. M. P., Paterson, N. J.,* sends to the German student at Smith in search of novels with American sense of place, the names of "Barren Ground," by Ellen Glasgow" (Doubleday, Page), a picture of Virginia farm land that I don't see how I could have left out in the first place; "Maria Chapdelaine" for the year round in Canada; "The Happy Mountain," by Maristan Chapman (Viking), for the Blue Ridge, and though not a novel, "Mostly Mississippi," by Harold Speakman, for a sense of a great river.

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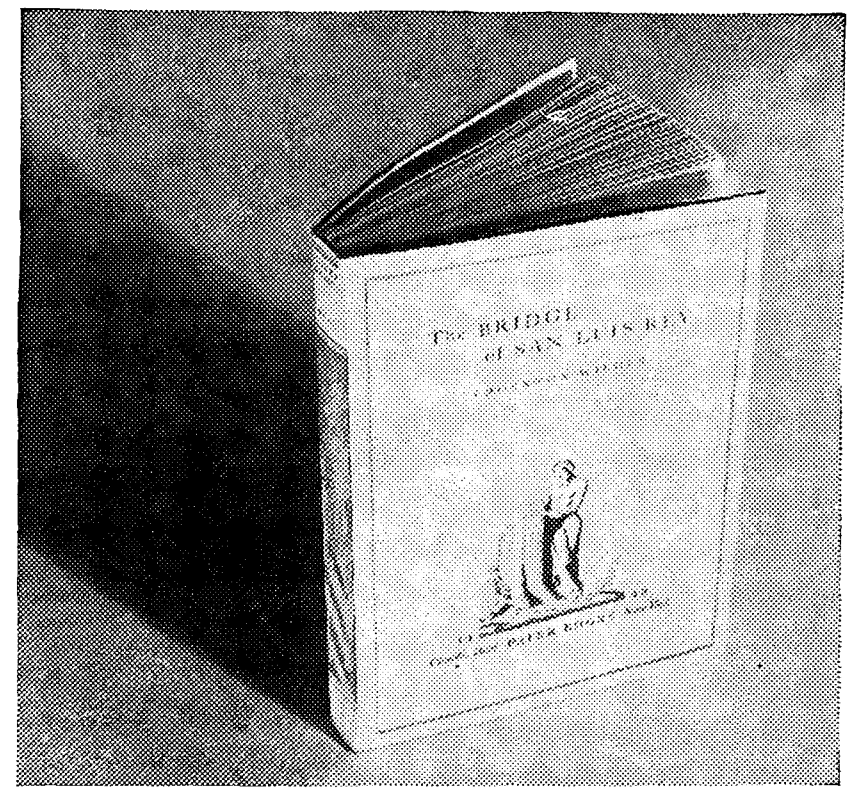

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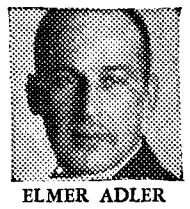

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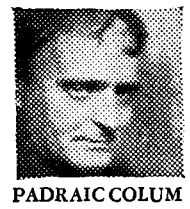

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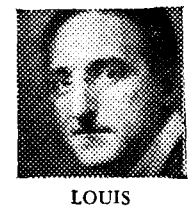

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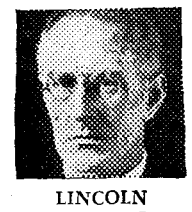

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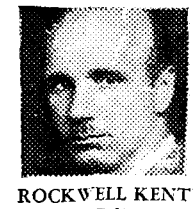

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